McKean County Miner.

HARRY [illegible]CKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1910 NO. 48

SMETHPORT MASONS DINE AND DANCE.

A Large Party Make Merry at the Lyceum, Tuesday Evening.

NORWICH GUESTS OF HONOR.

Seventy-five Masons, with their Wives, Sisters, Daughters and Sweethearts Participate in a Big Social Function—An Excellent Dinner and Pretty Dance.

One of the most successful social events of the season was the dinner and dance given at the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening by the Masons of Smethport, which was attended by nearly seventy-five members of this ancient and honorable fraternity, together with their wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and sweethearts, making a grand total of over 150 present. The guests of honor were the Masons of Norwich and their ladies, of whom there were a dozen in attendance.

At about seven o'clock the guests began to arrive and all were agreeably surprised at the beautiful and artistic decorations. The auditorium and stage were tastily draped with flags and bunting and a large "WELCOME" across the stage greeted the guests as they entered that room. The tables, which were placed in the form of the compasses, were decorated with smilax and pink and white carnations.

The guests having all arrived, the order was given for all Masons to form in line with their ladies ahead of them and march to their places. Ralph E. Burdick, W. M. of McKean Lodge and Brother Joseph Hall of Norwich, with their ladies were given places at the head of the table, and after singing the doxology, Mr. Burdick gave the order for all to be seated. Then while Chadwick's orchestra rendered appropriate music, stationed behind screens and potted plants on the stage, one of the best cooked and best served little dinners ever given was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

At the conclusion of this excellent repast R. E. Burdick, who acted as toastmaster, called upon several present to say a few words. Mr. D. C. Young was the first called upon and responded to the toast of "Benefits of Free Masonry." He gave a number of fitting illustrations among which were anecdotes relating to the subject during his trip abroad. "How Masonry Became Known," was allotted to Guy B. Mayo, who gave a very interesting and instructive talk in his usual able and forceful manner. The next gentleman called upon was Joseph Hull of Norwich. No especial subject was assigned to him and he devoted his time to telling of the pleasure it gave him and his companions to be present and thanked his hosts for the very pelasant time given his party.

Here the bursts of oratory were interspersed when Toastmaster Burdick called upon Kenneth Mayo and he rendered that beautiful and touching little rural ballad entitled, "Go Along Napoleon." After order was restored Hon. Joseph W. Bouton answered the question, "Should Free Masonry Exist?" in a most able and convincing manner. "Social Features of Masonry" were explained by Fred D. Gallup in a few well chosen remarks which he always has ready. Then followed a vocal solo by Miss Irma Wells, which was heartily encored. And in conclusion Sheridan Gorton, Esq., responded in a most able manner to "Our Guests." Each response to these toasts was short, crisp and well delivered and was thoroughly appreciated by every person resent, as was attested by the hearty applause they received. The dinner was brought to a close by all arising and singing "America," during which time our flag was unfurled to view.

A short intermission was called to give a chance to clear away the tables and clear the floor for dancing.

The dance was opened with a grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, and was a very imposing spectacle. Never in the history of Smethport were more beautifully dressed women and well groomed men present at a social function of this kind. The cheering strains from the orchestra inspired the dancers and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves until a late hour in free social amusement.

Much of the success of this affair is due to the efficient work of the committee and sub-committees, composed of H. C. Wells, S. L. Fry, Kenneth Mayo, Mrs. W. F. Specht, Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mrs. H. C. Wells, Ralph E. Burdick, and J. L. Morrison, and to Miss Millicent Pattison, who had full charge of the culinary department. Every man present should privately give them a vote of thanks.

DEATH OF MRS. HANLEY.

Passed Away Suddenly at Duquesne, on Friday Evening Last.

Mrs. Kate Hanley, a former resident of this place, died at her home in Duquesne, Pa., Friday evening, Dec. 9, 1910, at 8 o'clock.

Four weeks ago Tuesday Mrs. Hanley left for her home after being the guest of relatives in this place for a couple of weeks, and was then in very good health. Her sudden taking away was a shock to her friends and relatives when the sad news was received.

Mrs. Hanley was about 61 years of age and had been a resident of Duquesne for a number of years. She is survived by two children, Maurice and Mazie, who made their home with their mother. She was a woman whose kind and loving disposition and patient forbearance in times of trouble made her a host of firm friends here who will deeply mourn her demise.

The funeral services were held at Duquesne on Monday morning and her remains were laid at rest in that place.

DEATH OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Joseph Henderson Passed Into the Great Beyond on Tuesday.

Joseph Henderson, a veteran of the Civil War and a well known resident of this county, passed away at his home on Cole Creek on Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1910, aged about 70 years.

The deceased was a brave and gallant soldier of the Civil War, and after his honorable discharge became a resident of this vicinity, living at Colegrove for a time and afterwards moving to Cole Creek. He is survived by one daughter who resides in Buffalo. For a number of years he was a member of McKean Post No. 317, G. A. R. but in his declining years let his membership lapse.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church in this place at 11 o'clock this morning, Rev. W. H. McGavern officiating and were under the auspices of the G. A. R. His remains were laid at rest in the soldiers' plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Interesting Sessions Held in the Court House Last Friday and Saturday.

The annual Farmers' Institute was held at the court house last Friday and Saturday. The sessions, although not as largely attended as they should have been drew fairly good audiences and were unusually interesting.

Addresses were given as follows: "Get Out of the Mud," and economics and community affecting the farmer by C.H. Rich of Woolrich, Pa.; "Problem of Education for Country Children." "Horse Breeding for Farmers" and "The Clover Crops," by J. H. Peachy of Bellville, Pa.; "Alfalfa and Corn Selection," by W. T. Phillipy of Carlisle, and "Improving the Dairy Herd," and "Rotation of Crops," by R. J. Weld of Sugar Grove Pa. The evening program was given by members of the Travellers' Club and local talent furnished music for the various sessions, while interesting addresses were given by Principal Stanley Bright and D. C. Young.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of nine directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting will be held at the offices of the Company, Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, January 10th, 1911, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

RALPH E. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 14, 1910-1t

Hand Painted China.

Don't fail to see the beautiful display of the G. G. Rhodes Hand Decorated China, for balance of week, at Oscar Engstrom's grocery store. The correct Xmas gift for everyone.

Dec.15-1t MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

CRIMINAL COURT.

A Light Session and Only a Few Cases Have Been Disposed Of.

The December term of criminal court convened at the court house at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon with Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. Orlo J. Hamlin of this borough was apointed foreman of the grand jury. The constables made their returns and other routine business was disposed of.

In the case of Norman Stanton of Keating township, charged with assault and battery by his niece, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty but pay the costs.

Vigo Arbutano and Joe Aydenovitz, the two foreigners who were alleged to have taken money and clothing from a fellow countryman near Newton, were found not guilty, the verdict being ordered by Judge Bouton. At the trial it developed that the accused were only trying to get money due them from the supposed victim.

Mary E. Ryan, the Bradford young woman who inflicted a scalp wound with a revolver on the man who had jilted her, was found guilty of aggravated assault.

William Newell, charged with assault and battery, was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and the costs of prosecution.

The case of Byron A. Smith, who is charged with unlawful intimacy with Bertha Pinkerton, a 14-year-old Bradford girl, was started yesterday afternoon. The Pinkerton girl was the first witness called and she was kept on the stand until this morning, including a session last evening. For some reason she would not answer any question that would incriminate the defendant and the case was finally abandoned, Smith being given his liberty.

As we go to press Frank Piscerilli is being tried on the same charge for intimacy with the same girl. And she is showing the same tendency to hard silence she showed in the Smith case.

The Elliot bank cases are scheduled for trial this week.

The grand jury finished its duties yesterday afternoon and was discharged with the thanks of the court. Aside from the above mentioned cases, the following bills were found by the grand jury:

Commonwealth vs. Mary Miller, larceny; ignoramus, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Harry Boyler, larceny; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. E. A. Hathaway, selling liquor to minors; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. F. Housel, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Arthurs, fornication, etc., a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Fred Laplere, larceny, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Resh, violating game laws; true bill.

SUICIDE PACT AT OLEAN.

David M. Young and Mrs. Julia Lewis, Wife of Pennsylvania Railroad Man, Found Dead. Gas Turned On in the Room.

As the result of what is believed to have been a suicide pact, David M. Young, 30 years old, and Mrs. Julia Lewis, 25 years old and wife of Laurel Lewis, died in a room at Olean last Thursday from gas poisoning. Both of the dead were of that place. They had removed the gas hose from a stove and let the full pressure of gas flow into the room. The bodies were found by Mrs. Tillie Sturm, a sister of the woman, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Lewis, who had a boy about 5 years old, attempted suicide six month ago, using chloroform. Some months ago Young was found guilty of assaulting a young man who was in Mrs. Lewis' company.

Mrs. Julia Lewis is the wife of Laurel Lewis of Worden avenue. The condition of the bodies show that they had been dead for some time. Mr. Young is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Young, also of Olean.

When Mrs. Lewis attempted suicide the first time she was found locked in her room and her head smothered in her pillow. Mr. Lewis is in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad and was formerly with the Wells Fargo express company of that place.

Free tuition is offered prospective teachers at Edinboro Normal. Winter session begins January 3, 1911. Catalogue free.

Dec.15-1t John F. Bigler, Principal.

3000 Graduates.

For reference. Twenty-ninth school year. No solicitors. Call or write. Westbrook Academy, Olean. Dec.8-2t

$70,000 FIRE AT ST. MARYS.

Business Section of the Town Badly Damaged Thursday Morning.

St. Marys was visited with a very destructive conflagration during the early hours of last Thursday morning. At about 4:40 o'clock flames were discovered by railroad employees between the buildings occupied by Louis Boninni and Joseph Baker on Erie avenue east of the Commercial hotel. An alarm was sent in and in a very short time the entire fire department of the town was in operation. The flames quickly spread and before they were finally checked seven business places were destroyed. Low water pressure and the location of fire plugs interfered with the work of the department. This condition with a high wind prevailing created a fear in the hearts of the officers that the local department would be unable to cope with the raging fire which was threatening to wipe out the business section of the city. At this point the town council wired Renova, Ridgway, and Johnsonburg for assistance. The Penn'a railroad company at once put special trains at the service of the fire departments along its lines. Ridgway's department reached St. Marys at 7:15 o'clock and that of Johnsonburg arrived on the scene a half hour later. The Renova department was held up at Howards by a railroad wreck. When Ridgway and Johnsonburg reached the city the local department had the fire under control and the apparatus of the neighboring towns was not unloaded. The boys, however, assisted in the work thus relieving the tired St. Marys boys.

This is the most destructive fire that St. Marys has had for thirty years and the loss amounts to many thousand dollars. The following business places were destroyed or greatly damaged:

Commercial hotel, damaged by fire and water, estimated at $15,000, covered by insurance. Occupants of the hotel had some narrow escapes but no one was hurt.

Louis Boninni's building and stock consumed, loss $17,000, insurance $7,500.

Vincent Lombardo building occupied by Joseph Baker, completely destroyed loss $3,000, covered by insurance.

Joseph Baker, clothing loss, $7,000, insurance $3,500.

Central Club over Baker store, loss $400, insurance $150.

Thomas Marsh building and stock $5,000, with little insurance.

Family theatre building occupied by Elk Stello and Thomas Ewing and owned by J. S. Hauber, loss $10,000, partly covered by insurance.

Elk Stello, loss $100, no insurance.

Family theatre loss $3000, with $1,500 insurance.

William J. Liebel barber shop loss $400, and no insurance.

Building occupied by Liebel barber shop and Mrs. Marsh, loss $4,000, insurance $1500.

Building occupied by Baltimore Bakery and Star pool room and owned by Henry Luhr was burned at a loss of $5000, with $1000 insurance.

Mr. Beimel, manager of the pool room, lost household goods and stock to the amount of $600.

The origin of the fire is not known but it is the understanding that a thorough investigation will be made. Rumors were in circulation during the day which should and likely will be sifted to the bottom. Some heavy losses are borne by those directly affected and they are more keen at this season of the year.

A PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

Dr. McGrainor of Port Allegany Has a Splendid Institution.

The writer, with the other members of the McKean County Publishers' Association, had the pleasure of inspecting Dr. McGrainor's private sanitarium while in Port Allegany last Monday and we were pleasantly surprised to see what a delightfully appointed place he had, and we feel safe in saying that few cities have a more complete or modern hospital for its size.

The first floor of this building, which is of wood, brick and concrete, is devoted to the offices and private apartments of Dr. McGrainor and is finished in weathered oak. The second floor contains the operating room and ten separate rooms for patients and on the third floor are two wards which will accomodate twelve more in case of emergency. Two large porches adorn the front of the first and second stories.

The operating room is as modern as any to be found anywhere. The walls are of white glass and the windows of prism glass and all are put together in such a way as to make it absolutely impossible for any dirt or germs to gather or be secreted. The lights provided for night operating are in adjoining rooms and in the room above so that nothing from them can contaminate the rooms. The ventilating system is such that no foreign matter can gain entrance to this room. His system of sterelizing everything used is the most modern.

Dr. McGrainor planned and superintended this excellent building which is a model in neatness, cleanliness and home-like appearance.

CHRISTMAS SEAL IN MOTION PICTURES.

Picture Drama Helps in the Sale of the Red Cross Stickers.

Moving picture theatres in every city and town of Pennsylvania will enter the ranks of anti-tuberculosis fighters during the next three weeks, by adding the sale of the Red Cross Christmas Seals. The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is trying to gain the interest of all such places of amusement in the good cause, and the method they are asked to adopt is at once novel and will lend a touch of holiday spirit to performances just before Christmas. On December 16th, a film entitled "The Red Cross Seal" will make its initial appearance in every part of the United States. Managers of some of the leading moving picture theatres in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other large cities have arranged to include it in their program, and the Pennsylvania Society hopes that persons in every part of the State may be able to see it.

The film is a thousand feet long, and has been produced by the Edison Manufacturing Company, in cooperation with the American National Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. It tells a pretty story of the romance of a New York working girl, and is so interesting that the audience quite forgets, while carried along by the unfolding of the plot, that some of the scenes introduced show how tuberculosis is contracted and also how the disease may be prevented and cured. These lessons are well conveyed by the unique picture-drama, however, which teaches and inspires while it thrills and entertains.

The plot of the story centers about the winning of the prize of $100 for the best design for the Red Cross Seal for 1910, by Ellen Williams, a poor girl in the tenements who makes her living by decorating lampshades for very meagre wages. She has applied to the art school where she longs to take a course of study, but finds that the cost, $100, is too much for her purse. As she turns to leave the school a young man of wealth sees her in the office and is struck by the pathos of her beauty and disappointment. Tired of his purposeless life, Jordan resolves to see for himself "how the other half lives." Dressed as an ordinary day laborer, therefore, he rents a room in the same tenement with Ellen, and soon becomes greatly attached to her. He sees her struggle to win the $100 prize for the Red Cross Seal design, and finally sees her win it. Then he sees her give up all the ambitions of her life when she turns over the $100 to a neighbor, so that her consumptive boy might have a chance to be cured at the sanatorium.

Struck by the noble sacrifice, Jordan, unknown to Ellen, buys the tenement, renovates the neighboring apartment, enlists the co-operation of a district nurse, and helps thus to restore the consumptive to health and remove from his family the danger of further infection.

Thus, in the end, when Jordan reveals to Ellen his identity, she finds in his proposal that she share with him his palatial Fifth avenue mansion she has gained a great love, a home, and the satisfaction of her ambition, all because of the Red Cross Seal.

Special Class in Agriculture.

The Clarion State Normal School aims to make its course of study useful and helpful. During the Winter Term, special classes in Methods, Drawing, Music, and Agriculture will be maintained. It will pay you to come to the Clarion Normal for one term's work. Write to the Principal, Clarion, Pa., for further information.

Dec.15-1t.

Mr. Tabor who has been at Holder's Store with a line of Coats, Suits, Furs, Skirts, etc., will return on Friday of this week with an additional lot and at the same low prices.

Dec.15-1t J. A. HOLDER.

GUNS VS. FOOTBALL.

More Hunters Killed and Injured in Pennsylvania Than by Football in the United States.

Fatal hunting accidents in Pennsylvania, with the season just ended, equals the number in football in all the states of the country this fall. The serious gunning accidents in Pennsylvania alone number nearly twice as many as all the football accidents.

This comparison of "sports that kill" is obtained from a careful compilation of all gunning accidents reported in Pennsylvania this fall and from a summary of football accidents, widely published at the conclusion of the gridiron season. The record, as obtainable, is: Football in United States, 1910, deaths, 13; serious injuries, 17. Hunting in Pennsylvania, 1910, deaths, 13; serious injuries, 31.

The list of gunning casualties shows a death or injury for almost every day of the season. The victims are mainly boys under 21. Of the 13 dead, seven were killed by weapons in their own hands and six by guns in the hands of other people.

The causes were varied. Stumbling, fence climbing, careless loading, stacking guns against trees, heedless aims and ignorance that guns were loaded. In no case is it reported that a hunter was mistaken for game, as often happens in the bigger hunting grounds of Maine and the northwest.

One peculiar incident was the death of a hunter by heart disease, when a rabbit which he thought he had shot dead jumped just as he was about to pick it up. This victim was Albert Henne, aged 42, a school director and hotel man of Dickson City, Pa. His case is not included in the tabulation of deaths in hunting.

The Fatal Accidents.

Richard I. Blaney, aged 14, Bradford; instantly killed by companion while hunting.

Louis Bardlo, aged 23, Kane; killed by accidental discharge of his own weapon; Mrs. Mary Barbara, his mother-in-law, dropped dead when [illegible] news.

Frank Baumbaugh, aged 28, Huntingdon; died following operation for hunting accident.

Albert Geddes, aged 23, Pittsburgh, instantly killed by discharge of gun which had been stacked with others, against tree.

Joseph Guy, aged 23, Pittsburgh, shot and killed by member of his hunting party.

Vincent Haddon, aged [illegible], Indiana, stumbled and [illegible] companion as latter fired at rabbit.

Daniel C. Hyle, aged 18, Williamsburg; accidentally killed by his own gun while guiding hunting party.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, Rellectorville; shot and killed by her son while boy was cleaning gun.

Kenneth McKoy, aged 13, found dead near Shousetown; evidently had stumbled and been killed by his own gun.

Peter Phillips, Erie; instantly killed when his gun was discharged while handing it to a fellow hunter.

William Rice, Meadville; killed by relative, member of his hunting party.

August Wunderlich, Lebanon; shot and killed by member of his hunting party.

Ellis E. White, aged 30, McKeesport; shot in back by companion.

Note—William Ventrice, aged 13, Port Allegany; died from effects of wound made by discharge of stacked gun at boys' camp.

In addition to these known dead, there were at least a dozen of those reported in the news dispatches as having little chance to recover, but since their condition was not followed up closely, it was not reported whether they survived. Of the score of others injured a majority lost a leg, arm or eye.

Nearly all of the accidents occurred in the hunt of small game, rabbits and pheasants. It is not known with what reward of game the toll of human life was accompanied. The deer and bear hunting seasons were unusually successful, the State Fish and Game Commission reporting that over 800 deer were shot and about 500 bears.

Incidentally, 87 arrests were made for violations of the game laws, and all but one case resulted in a conviction—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

For Sale.

$100.00 will buy a fine Roan mare, 8 years old, weight about 1100 pounds. Good family horse, not afraid of autos. Sound. Owner has no use for her. Address or call upon

REV. W. H. MANNING,
Dec.8-1t Limestone, N. Y.

SIRES AND SONS.

Rudolph Reig, superintendent of the New York Newsboys' home for thirty-five years, has just retired.

Charles D. Hilles, assistant secretary of the treasury, is a quiet man with a great gift for humor, and he knows about all there is to know concerning money and finance.

John Kendrick Bangs, Jr., son of the writer, is in Detroit taking a course in railroad operating. Young Bangs, according to his tutors, is making good in every department he tackles. He is in the employ of the Pere Marquette.

Dr. Gilbert Reid, who has organized the International Institute of China to promote friendly relations with the people of other countries, is an American who has lived in China many years, and who has won the friendship of many of the prominent men there.

Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, will find in his stocking on next Christmas morning one of the costliest presents ever made—namely, a million dollar palace on fashionable Sixteenth street northwest, Washington's most famous boulevard. The house will be the gift of Mrs. MacVeagh.

A. N. Pierson of Cromwell, Conn., began as a horticulturist with a shovel and one small cold frame. Now he has the largest greenhouse in the world, the glass roofed building covering twenty acres. He grows flowers for the dealers in the big Atlantic coast cities and plants which are shipped to wholesale agents.

Short Stories.

On farms valued at $25,000,000,000 we produce annually agricultural products valued at $8,000,000,000.

In proportion to the number of passengers carried only one-half as many lives are lost by water conveyances as by those on land.

According to the best estimates, there are in the five of the United States bordering the gulf of Mexico about 10,000,000 acres well suited to rice cultivation.

A tunnel in Newfoundland which has lost its ends has no difficulty in finding its way across, owing to the constant west winds, the tops of all trees point east. This fact renders a compass unnecessary.

College and School.

There are in the republic of Panama 238 public schools.

Australia has five universities, and Western Australia proposes to provide a sixth at Perth.

There are in the United States 260 normal schools, with 65,000 students, out of which there are annually graduated more than 11,000 thoroughly trained teachers.

The University of Chicago has 2,416 students, just seventy more than it had at this time last year. The increase of 3 per cent falls chiefly in the graduate school and the college of education.

Current Comment.

Might be a good idea in every way to make one kind of a fruit pie out of all the rotten ones that are left. Washington Post.

When a man pays $12.00 to have [illegible] an [illegible] of [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

In Turning Over New Leaves

Be sure that some are the leaves of a Bank Book showing a deposit in this popular and strong Bank. Decide that the New Year shall find you among the thrifty ones who become independent through their own exertions, and who are not dependent upon others in time of need. Lay the foundation of a competence by starting an account today, and continue to make deposits with regularity every payday. Write for booklet.

Four Per Cent. And No Worry

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings

Fourth Avenue and Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,500,000.00.

THE BIG STORE.

We have just received our Christmas stock of Imported German China, Japanese Ware and Hand painted China.

Come in and see our line of sleds, "Go-Devils," Toy Wheel borrows, Rocking Horses, Skates, Etc.

Prices right. Give us a call.

W. B. MEANS.

Up-to-Date Hardware

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1910.

Local and General.

—Christmas one week from Sunday.

—F. H. Hungiville has a new advertisement.

—Do not delay longer in making your Christmas purchases.

—Read the new advertisement of Anderson & Carlson in this issue.

—The change in The Lindholm Co. holiday advertisement is interesting.

—Wednesday, Dec. 21, is the shortest day in the year. "The first day of winter."

—Fry & Comes have a new Christmas advertisement in this issue, which everybody should read.

—Joseph Kilgore, a highly respected and influential citizen of Bradford aged 69 years, died in the hospital in that city on Friday last.

—Pittsburg Lodge of the Royal Order of Moose will distribute between 1000 and 2000 Christmas baskets among the worthy poor of that city. This is the true Christmas spirit.

"Dare Devil Dan" was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum Saturday night. Dan showed his dare-devil spirit in facing even the small audience through this performance.

—The oyster supper and fair given by the ladies of the M. E. church at the chapel last Monday night was largely attended and a substantial sum was realized.

—The three new street lights at East Smethport are now in working order and anyone found molesting or breaking them will be compelled to pay damages.

—The new city buildings for Chicago have just been completed and all the coat rooms are to be equipped with the Backus Locking Check System. Orders have been placed for 696 No. 2 locks, brush brass finish.

—A special to the Republican from Washington, D. C., states that the total population of the United States, including Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and members of the army and navy living abroad, is 93,402,151. If people of the canal zone and Philippines were included the population would be 101,100,000.

—Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not meddling with other peoples. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the train you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

—Layafette T. Fuller, one of the pioneer settlers of Bradford and vicinity, died at his home at Minard Run on Thursday morning of last week. His death followed a stroke of paralysis which he suffered the first of the week and after which he did not regain consciousness. He was 85 years of age.

—Miss Lillian Myers was struck yesterday afternoon by an automobile owned by O. F. Schonblom. The woman was crossing Main street at the corner of Webster and did not see the approaching automobile until it was too late to avoid being struck. She was thrown forcibly to the pavement and received a painful injury of the hip.—Bradford Era.

—On Thanksgiving day, Nov. 24, a marriage was celebrated at the Waverly M. E. parsonage, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Robert L. Clark. The groom was Mr. Wm. Tabor, a member of the Morrow Manufacturing Company of Elmira, and the bride Miss Maud E. Hinman of this village, a graduate nurse from both the Packer hospital at Sayre and the John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore. The couple will make their home in Elmira.—Waverly Free Press.

—The teachers of Keating township held a local institute at the school house in East Smethport on Saturday last. The teachers were well represented and the following program was rendered: "The Recitation," by Miss Rees; "Moal Training in the Public Schools," by Miss Mayme Griffin; and "The Interest in the Advanced Grades," by Miss Lura Day. A question box was conducted by J. R. Foote and several recitations were given by pupils of the East Smethport schools.

—The pictures of the Bon Air sanatorium at Bradford which are passe partouted on glass and are seen on the show cases in the town stores, were made by patients at the Bon Air sanatorium. The patients at this institution assist in the work in whatever way it is possible for them to do so, and they utilize their exercise as far as they can in making this work a success, realizing as they do that the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League sustains a loss of $4 per week per patient, which is made up by contributions made in membership at $5 per annum.

—Farmers' week at the Pennsylvania State College will be held this year December 19th to 24th, inclusive. A splendid opportunity is offered to all farmers interested in a better agriculture. Lecturers on live topics will be given by men who have practical experience as well as scientific knowledge. In addition to the lectures, many practical demonstrations in judging dairy cattle, beef cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry will be given. The program is so arranged that any individual can attend lectures during each period upon the subjects which interest him most.

—Jonathan Davidson of the big woods at Norwich has been a visitor in town for the past few days and on Monday he made The Miner a pleasant call. Mr. Davidson is a woodsman of the old school, having followed that occupation ever since the close of the Civil War, in which he served his country gallantly and faithfully. He is an interesting and entertaining talker and tells his stories of life in the woods in vivid and graphic style. He is well preserved considering his age and the hard work he has done and now he is contemplating going to the lumbering section of West Virginia.

The Miller Construction Co. has completed its contract for the double tracking of the B., R. & P. railroad between Newton and Mt. Jewett. Today the camps occupied by the construction company's workmen will be dismantled and the men will receive the final payment for their labor. The double track work has shortened the distance between Mt. Jewett and Newton by about one mile. Of the eight miles between the two points mentioned, four and on-half miles of the track is straight. Before the new track was constructed there were a number of dangerous curves. The grade has been reduced to one-tenth of one per cent. This improvement will greatly facilitate the handling of trains over the tracks between Mt. Jewett and Newton. About a mile north of Newton, a fill was made which is 182 feet high. In this fill, extreme difficulty was encountered in blasting. The workmen in excavating encountered a mass of solid rock and before it was removed, the construction company had expended about $12,000 for blasting powder. At Newton, a noticeable improvement was made by building a concrete subway for the public highway. It is estimated that the improvements between Mt. Jewett and Newton have cost the railroad company about $1,000,000.—Star-Record, Monday.

A golfer (to his ball on the last green):
Roll on, thou whitened lump of rubber—roll!
Ten thousand d—n's sweep over thee in Hell!
In twice ten bunkers have I paid thy toll,
I swear I'll never play with thee again!
Curst be the day when thou to me was lent!
Would I had straight returned thee unto Brown,
Or lost thee when I drove into the Lent!
I had not then returned a "thirteen down."
For all thy failings thou canst never atone,
Thy faults are thine; thy virtues all my own.
—Golf Illustrated.

"No, dear, you cannot go out with a gentleman unchaperoned," said her mother.

"But, mother, Jack isn't a gentleman," the fair one answered.—Buffalo Express.

Quoth Santa Claus, "I'm getting fat,
And, though I'm not a churl,
I think the person for this job
Would be the hipless girl."
—Harper's Weekly.

"Drowning men clutch at straws," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, especially if they are drowning their sorrows," added the shuffle mug.—Philadelphia Record.

An eagle saw an airship pass
And said, with a discouraged sigh,
"My style is out of date. Alas!
I wish they'd teach me how to fly!"
—Washington Star.

"I never cut myself with a razor."

"Yes. I heard you were so thick skinned that nothing made any impression on you."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Lives of scorchers all remind us
We can make our lives complete,
Leaving joy rides far behind us,
Doing stunts upon our feet.
—Boston Herald.

He—I want you to give me a proof of your love, dearest.

She—Oh, Ernest, am I not dancing with you?

He—That's nothing.

She—You wouldn't say that, dear, if you knew how badly you dance.—New Zealand Free Lance.

She broke our dishes by the score;
She broke the pots and pans;
She broke the mantel and the floor;
She broke six garbage cans;
She broke our cut glass treasure up
In groups of twos and threes;
She broke an iron drinking cup
With ease.

She broke the chimney, too, one day,
A fact which grieved us sore,
And then, to add to our dismay,
She broke the furnace door.
She left at last with pleasant joke,
While we surveyed the muss.
The very last thing that she broke
Was us.
—Peoria Herald-Transcript.

JARRED THE BANK.

Sensational Plays That Have Been Pulled Off at Monte Carlo.

The big players have never succeeded in carrying away very much money from Monte Carlo. In 1905 a London newspaper published a story to the effect that an American from Chicago had won 500,000 francs there in one day and had taken the money home with him, but his name was not given. In the early nineties the sensation at Monte Carlo one season was the play of a Chicago youth of twenty-one, named Harry Rosenfeld, who made something like 500,000 francs in a week, playing during the day, but lost most of it at baccarat at night after the casino had closed.

The late David Christie Murray used to tell a story of a sensational play at Monte Carlo that he witnessed himself. "It was my fortune," he said, "to be in the casino on a Sunday night in 1890 when a French nobleman bearing a historic name entered the room with a fancy to play on No. 8. He was followed by a valet who was marked 'pugilist' from head to heel and carried a cash box which proved to be full of 1,000 franc notes. 'Numero huit,' said M. le Duc, 'et maximum par tout.' He was known, and his challenge was accepted before the cash box was opened. No. 8 turned up three times running. M. le Duc netted three times seventeen times 6,000 francs in about three minutes, and the bank was closed. What brought his historic dukeship there in the nick of time for that trifold piece of luck nobody can tell. He did not want the money, for he had just married a few odd millions, and he did not seem to care whether he lost or won, but stood impassive as a red Indian through the few minutes of that stupendous game. It was within a quarter of an hour of closing time, and there were not many people present, but the sale went mad."

The two biggest winners at Monte Carlo of recent years in figure prominently in the newspapers are Charles Wells, a Londoner, who won 750,000 francs in a few weeks and lost it back and considerable more, and a Yorkshire mechanic named Jaggers, who won 3,000,000 francs on a system and was rapidly losing it back by the same system when he had sense enough to quit the game. He got away with considerably more than 1,000,000 francs.—Frank Marshall White in Harper's Weekly.

Their Last Hope Gone.

When the minister praised the raspberry jam at Mrs. Green's bountiful Saturday night supper he could not imagine why Angie and Horatio, the twins, gazed at him so reproachfully. "Don't you like raspberry jam, my little man?" he asked Horatio.

"Yes, sir, I do, and Angie does," said Horatio in distinctly resentful tones, "and mother told us that she was afraid the last she made wasn't quite up to the mark and if you didn't praise it Angie and I could have it for luncheon on our bread, for Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Should never said a word when they ate it, and you've made the third. But now she'll use it for the church socables." And Horatio looked gloomily at his twin, who returned the look in kind.—Youth's Companion.

Catharine Parr.

Catharine Parr, the sixth wife of the much married Henry VIII., owed more to her intellectual than to her personal charms. She was not good looking, but had a pleasant face and a world of tact. So skillfully did she manage her troublesome husband as actually to turn him against some of the most trusted of his own officials. Once an order was made out for her arrest on a charge of heresy, but she got news of the matter and so cleverly flattered and soothed Henry as to effect a complete reconciliation, and when the officers came to serve the order he drove them out with curses and threats.

Disenchanted.

It takes a neighbor to disentangle a man from a handsome setting. A good many years ago, when Wordsworth was poet laureate of England, a worthy Cumberland yeoman walked many miles, in response to widely scattered notices, to hear the poet laureate address a meeting. When he discovered who held the high sounding title he left the hall in indignation.

"'Twas noblout, old Wadsworth o' Rydal, efter aw," he said scornfully on his return to his family.

Her Three Husbands.

"Yes, she has had three husbands, and she alludes to them as the three P's. The first was such a fine fellow she called him a paragon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and the second was such a model she called him a paradigm."

"How interesting!"

"And the third was so difficult to understand and acted so different from the others she called him a paradox."—Chicago News.

Couldn't Do It.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "donn' come to me! I can't even play a mouf organ."—Lippincott's.

Keeping Him Guessing.

Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy!—Mobile Register.

The weakest excuse is strong enough when we wish to do wrong.

THE WEREWOLVES.

Fantastic Story of a Sixteenth Century Tragedy.

John of Nuremberg relates how a man, lost at night in a strange country, directed his steps toward a fire that he saw before him. On reaching it he found a wolf sitting enjoying its warmth and was informed by him that he was really as human as himself, but that he was compelled for a certain number of years, like all his countrymen, to assume the shape of a wolf.

A strange country, indeed, where wolves when the evenings grow chilly light a fire and in the comfort of its ruddy glow are found ready to entertain the passing traveler with their conversation!

Olaus Magnus in the early part of the sixteenth century tells us a story of a nobleman and his retinue who lost their way in journeying through a wild forest and presently found themselves hopelessly footless and shelterless. In the urgency of their need one of the servants disclosed to him in confidence that he had the power of turning himself at will into a wolf and doubted not but that, if his master would kindly excuse him for a while, he would be able to find the party some provision. Permission being given, the man disappeared into the forest under semblance of a wolf and very quickly returned with a lamb in his mouth and then, having fulfilled his mission, resumed his human form.

In Auvergne in 1588 a nobleman in returning from the chase was stopped by a stranger, who told him that he had been furiously attacked by a savage wolf, but had been fortunate enough to save himself by slashing off one of his fore paws. This he produced as a trophy, when, to the astonishment of both, it was found to have become the delicate hand of a lady. The nobleman felt so sure that he recognized a ring upon it that he hurried to the castle and there found his wife sitting with her arm tied up, and on removing the wrappers the hand was missing. She had to stand her trial as a loup-garou and, being convicted, perished at the stake.—Hulme's "Lore and Legend."

A TURBULENT VOLCANO.

The Boiling Hot Pools of Taal, in the Philippines.

The central or main crater of Taal is nearly round. Its diameter on an air line north and south is 6,233 feet and the east-west diameter 7,546 feet. The edge of this crater is somewhat irregular, but is nowhere broken through, its highest point standing at only 1,670 feet above sea level and its lowest at 426 feet.

Within the rim are two hot pools, known respectively as the yellow and the green lake, and a little active cone above 984 feet in height from which escape steam and sulphurous gas in varying quantities.

In the smaller lake every few minutes the water in the center is blown up like an immense bubble, which, rising above the surface, finally bursts, revealing a black orifice and causing the boiling and very turbulent water to assume all imaginable colors. The aqueous vapor escaping is sufficient to form a broad, smokelike column which is visible especially during the night and in the early morning.

At some distance and before reaching the edge of the crater, where a view of the bottom can be obtained, the rumbling sound proplticed by the escaping vapor, under the influence of the mysterious subterranean forces, can be heard like that of an immense boiling kettle.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754. The eruption began on May 13 and did not end till Dec. 1. During this dreadful time the intensity and aspect of the eruption were continually changing, and the four principal towns of the laguna of Bombon disappeared—viz. Sala, Lipa, Tanauan and Taal, with the numerous villages around them.—Manila Times.

Pasteur's Revenge.

In Vallery-Radot's "Life of Pasteur" we read the story of his misery. It is nothing to say that the war nearly broke his heart. But it broke neither his faith nor the straight line of his work. Only a sort of rage possessed him to redeem and console France by working for her. "Henceforth," he said, "every one of my books shall have written on it these words, 'Revenge, revenge, revenge.'" And this was his revenge, to set the name of France in the honors list of science higher than ever, to give the rest of his life to her service and to wear himself out for her sake.

After a Fashion.

Reporter—Senator, if I mistake not, your name has been mentioned once or twice in connection with the presidency.

Senator Lotsmun—Why, yes; a London journal, I believe, once remarked that if the office of president of the United States was for sale I would probably buy it.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Guarded.

"Wuz yew guarded in yore conduct while yew wuz in teown, son?" asked the old man.

"Shore thing, dad," replied the boy. "I wuz guarded by two perlicemen most hy th' time."—Chicago News.

Chorus Cowed the Cow.

"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."

"How did it work?"

"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Pittsburg Post.

Watch for opportunities. Things are best done in season.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEALSHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Rates charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. GAUKLER,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1910.

William McIntosh, managing editor of the Buffalo Evening News, died at his home in Alden, N. Y., on Monday, aged 59 years.

In a raid upon the Chinese quarter of Pittsburg last Friday afternoon the police and federal secret service men confiscated $16,000 worth of opium and arrested 36 Chinamen and four Americans. This is expected to clean up a big gang of opium smugglers.

Tammany Hall, New York, the home of the famous political organization of that city was badly damaged by fire Monday morning. The desperate fight of the firemen confined the flames to the top floor. Chief Croker personally rescued pictures of his uncle, Richard, and John Kelly, former "bosses" of Tammany. The chief estimated the loss at about $50,000.

Charges of the misuse of millions of dollars of the Modern Woodmen of America are contained in a written demand for an investigation of the affairs of this fraternal organization delivered in person to-night to State Insurance Commissioner F. C. Potter in the Hotel La Salle at the banquet of life insurance presidents by John D. Hendricks, Jr., of Dubuque, Iowa, says a Chicago dispatch dated Dec. 9.

Harriet Amelia Folsom, seventeenth and favorite wife of Brigham Young, died on Monday at Salt Lake City of paralysis, aged 72 years. Her birthplace was Buffalo, N. Y. She crossed the plains to Salt Lake in 1850 and became Young's wife in 1863. She was talk actively and moodily in appearance and for her Young built the Amelia palace. Up to her death she was vice in defiance of the Mormon prine[illegible] Young and probably related [illegible] Grover Cleveland.

On Monday President Taft appointed Edward Douglass White, a Democrat, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. A general sentiment [illegible] the thoughtful and [illegible] people of the country [illegible] The President has demonstrated again that he [illegible] ves which rise above the narrow limits of party, that he is equal to the occasion and that he becomes less a partisan and more a patriot. The Senate has unanimously confirmed the appointment.

Unless Signora Maria Tarnowska, a Sicilian beauty, is prevented from carrying out her threat to publish documents Germany will be shaken by a scandal that will give royalty hysterics and provide a sensation for two continents. Signora Tarnowska, whom the police are trying persistently to prove derives her immense income by fraudulent means, threatens to expose incidents in the lives of one of Germany's reigning families, of several officers of the crown and other prominent men. And there is little doubt that she is well equipped to carry out her threat, for she has known well the members of nearly every reigning family in Europe. She was a friend of the late King Leopold of Belgium and of the late King Edward and an intimate of several royalties who are still alive. The Signora is a fascinating beauty of 29 years.

Trade recession made further progress this week, and, as usual of late, the movement was most noticeable in iron and steel. The daily average production of pig iron last month, the figures for which were available this week, was the smallest since May of last year, and compared with the maximum of February there has been a falling off of 26½ per cent. Since the beginning of the current month there has been further curtailment, and practically all the gain which followed the "sunshine" movement of last year has been lost. But the industry is far from being in a condition the "worst since the 1907 panic," as some pessimists assert. On the contrary, the current daily average production is nearly double the total for January, 1908. The monthly report of the Steel Corporation, due to-day, showing the amount of unfilled orders on hand, will probably make a new low record, because shipments of finished material have continued to exceed new bookings; but, as Chairman E. H. Gary has pointed out, there has been a progressive increase in the daily average amount of new orders received during the past three months. The report of the Copper Producers Association yesterday was also unfavorable, showing a decrease in production and consumption during the past month, with unsold stocks on hand considerably in excess of the total reported at the beginning of the year.

The pessimism in business circles was aggravated by the course of the stock market. The average business man has come more and more to watch the "ticker" as an indicator of current and future conditions, unmindful of the fact that this indicator may be temporarily deflected from its true course by powerful and sometimes unscrupulous manipulation of resourceful speculators. While it is not necessary to accuse the financial powers that be, with encouraging the raids on market values witnessed the past two weeks, there is ground for the suspicion that the absence of the usual support is induced by the desire to impress Washington, where the anti-trust cases and the railroad freight-rates questions are still pending.

The depression in the iron trade and the reduced buying power of the agricultural classes caused by the fall in prices of wheat and corn are reflected in smaller bank clearings in the sections directly affected, and also in decreased gross earnings of railroads traversing industrial territory in the east and agricultural territory in the northwest. Despite this falling off, however, a very fair volume of business in seasonable goods is being handled, and activity is noted in the holiday trade, which has been stimulated by the winter weather. In the south business is relatively better than in other sections, largely because of the progress made in moving the cotton crop and the good prices being realized for the same.

The favorable change in the money market has become so pronounced that there is now talk of probable gold imports, and the near approach of the annual settlement period is entirely relieved of any apprehension of monetary stringency. This week the banks in Philadelphia voluntarily reduced call loan rates, an almost unprecedented event at this time of year, and in New York, despite the Pacific Coast and withdrawals for account of Canada, rates have remained easy for both call and time loans. Foreign government banks are steadily strengthening their position, and there is a probability that the Bank of England rate of discount will be reduced before the end of the month. If the trend of commercial and industrial affairs continues as at present, there is almost certain to be an accumulation of funds in bank during the first quarter of the year, and if by the end of that period business is relieved of the pending judicial uncertainties, there will be a splendid foundation for great prosperity in 1911.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Legal Blanks.

The Miner has carried a pretty good line of legal blanks for many years past and now we have decided to give this department more attention than ever. We propose to keep in stock practically all the different kinds of blanks used to any extent by lawyers and justices of the peace, and we solicit the patronage of everyone in this vicinity using such blanks. Not that we have not received a liberal share of the business in the past, but, as we are going into it more extensively we want and expect to get more business by having a larger stock to select from and by giving all orders either mail or telephone, prompt attention.

Our prices compare favorably with those of outside concerns when material and workmanship is considered. We have branches in the Port Allegany Argus and Eldred Eagle offices where any of the ordinary blanks can be secured by patrons from those places and if either place does not have the blank you need the manager will get it for you on short notice. Try them and get in the habit of using Miner blanks exclusively.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

$900 to $1200 Positions.

We need more young men to qualify for good paying positions. Westbrook Academy, Olean. Dec.8-2t

Sale of SWEATER COATS

A Complete Line
All Kinds
All sizes
Too many

so we have decided to CUT THE PRICE

Buy him a sweater coat fot a useful Xmas gift.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SANTA CLAUS

Has Opened Headquarters at

WELL'S DRUG STORE

As has been the custom for upward of Twenty Years Santa Claus has again opened headquarters at this store for the benefit of old and young who appreciate good gifts at Christmas time. The Jolly old fellow has completely filled the store from top to bottom, with the best to be found in his exhaustable pack. It is not often that Santa Claus decides to leave such a large and complete line of his goods in one store but he knows that we have always "Delivered the Goods" and that is what he wants.

Toilet Articles and Hand Bags

Are much in favor with the ladies this year and the line on display excells anything in this section.

Gifts For Men

Are as a rule hard to select, but you will have no trouble after visiting this store. The display is exceptionally large and attractive.

Dolls, Big and Little

It is well worth your while to see our display. We have hundreds of them-Bisque dolls that open and close their eyes and do almost everything but talk; unbreakable dolls, that are the pride of the really little ones, and all the other dolls.

Toys and Games

Here is where we really do shine above all competitors. Never was there anything like them in town. Everything you can think of and a lot you never heard of. Don't fail to see this line.

Pictures and Frames

This line is unusually choice and well selected.

Tree Trimmings

All that you could want in these novelties.

Come Early

H. C. WELLS

The Old Stand Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WATCH for "Special Sales" tickets on all Furniture.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPT. STORE.

Furniture Dept. easy of access. Good elevator service.

Christmas selling of furniture in Bell Brothers' Big Dept. Owing to over stocked conditions we have decided to make great reductions on all kinds of furniture, from now on until Christmas day.

WE KNOW THAT HOLIDAY SHOPPERS WILL APPRECIATE THIS ANOUNCEMENT. WE GUARANTEE A SAVING ON ALL PURCHASES, OF 20 TO 33 1-3 per cent. LARGE STOCKS OF STYLISH LIVING-ROOM, PARLOR, BED-ROOM AND DINING-ROOM FURNITURE WILL BE ATTRACTIVELY PRICED.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

$125.00 Crotch Mahogany Sideboard	$98.00
$88.00 Crotch Mahogany China Cabinet	67.50
$90.00 Crotch Mahogany Table, 54 in.	65.00
$37.00 E. English China Cabinet	26.00
$40.00 E. English Dining Table	32.00
$22.00 Golden Oak Buffet	14.50
$35.00 Golden Oak Buffet	22.50
$25.00 Golden Oak Buffet	16.50
$23.00 Golden Oak China Cabinet	16.50
$34.00 Golden Oak Dining Table, 48 in. top	21.50
$30.00 Golden Oak Dining Table	18.50

PARLOR AND LIVING-ROOM.

$85.00 Crotch Mahogany Davenport	$75.00
$56.00 Solid Mahogany Davenport	39.00
$45.00 Solid Mahogany Divan	31.50
$61.00 Mahogany Finish three-piece suit	42.00
$45.00 Mahogany Arm Chair	29.00
$46.00 Mahogany Rocker	29.75
$40.00 Mahogany Rocker	26.00
$14.00 Mahogany Finish Rocker	9.50
$11.50 Mahogany Finish Rocker	7.50
$47.00 Turkish Leather Rocker	34.00
$47.00 Crotch Mahogany Leather Chair	32.00
$30.00 Leather Rocker	19.50
$28.00 Mahogany Library Table	17.00
$40.00 Mahogany Library Table	26.00
$34.00 Mahogany Library Table	22.00
$29.50 Mahogany Parlor Table	17.00
$17.50 Mahogany Parlor Table	12.00

BED-ROOM Furniture.

$38.00 Mahogany Dresser	$23.50
$33.00 Mahogany Chiffonier, to match	21.50
$44.00 Mahogany Dresser	27.00
$70.00 Large Mahogany Dresser	55.00
$60.00 Circassian Walnut Bed	42.00
$38.00 Brass Bed, 2 in. posts	25.00
$52.00 Brass Bed, 2 1-2 in. posts	39.00
$29.00 Brass Beds	19.50
$21.00 Brass Beds	14.50
$14.00 Vernis Martin Bed	8.50
$11.50 Vernis Martin Bed	7.75

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS IN MISSION FURNITURE.

$19.50 Weathered Oak Arm Chair	$12.00
$25.00 Weathered Oak Arm Chair	15.00
$21.00 Weathered Oak Arm Chair	14.00
$17.50 Weathered Oak Desk	12.50
$20.00 Weathered Oak Desk	14.75
$27.00 Weathered Oak Book Case	16.00

UTILITY BOXES, CEDAR CHESTS, AND BAMBOO FURNITURE.

Japanese Matting, covered, lined brass hinges, special	$ 2.90
Japanese Skirt Boxes	$6.95, $8.50 and $12.00
Solid Cedar Chests, two styles	$11.95 and $16.50
25 Jardeniere Stands, Mission Finish, very special	each .59
25 Magazine Racks, Mission Finish	1.59

Parlor Cabinets, $.75 to $40.00 Music Cabinets $8.75 to $25.00

Special attention is called to our Parlor and Music Cabinets.

MORRIS CHAIRS.

One lot Golden Oak, Panne Plush cushions, special $ 8.75

Large assortment at special prices.

Mail us your orders if you cannot visit our store in person. They will be promptly cared for by our expert shopper.

Bell Bros.

We intend to make this big store the cheapest place in town to do your shopping.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furnishing House in Southwestern New York.

LET THIS STORE HELP TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS HAPPY

—during our—

PRE-HOLIDAY SALE

This store can drive away your frowns and worries, with its immense assortment of the Holiday merchandise. For the prices we are quoting are not in the leart burdensome. Come and see for your own satisfaction.

Don't put off your Christmas shopping until the last day, remember you only have fourteen more shopping days before you Heres a list of a few of the many gifts on sale here.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Toilet Articles of all description, Jewelry, Books, Mufflers, Slippers, Shoes, Coats, Hats; Furs and a hundred other just such appropriate gifts, including a big line of Toys and Dolls.

MEN:

Be a SANTA CLAUS yourself and give your wife or sweetheart a silk petticoat for Christmas.

She will appreciate it and you will not regret it.

Find them here for $3.98 now, in black and colors, same as you usually pay $5.00 and $6.00 for.

Heatherbloom skirts too, but the price is less. Let us show you these.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Have you a

Casserole?

If not you are missing a

Great Triumph in Cooking Ware

made of

Guernsey Earthenware, mounted in Silver-Nickel for Serving.

The peculiar properties of this heavy Earthenware, conserves the rich natural elements and retains the full flavor. Absolutely vitrified and fireproof, and practically indestructible with ordinary care.

For preparing and serving all kinds of Stews, Meat and Chicken Pies, Baked Fish, Puddings, Custards, Baked Beans, Potatoes au Gratin, Macaroni and Cheese, etc.

We have a beautiful assortment of this season's newest designs in

"Rochester" Casseroles

and invite you to come in and inspect them.

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 15, 1910.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"The Sky Man" this week.

—Attend the High School concert.

—Finished Christmas shopping yet?

—The hunting season for rabbits closed yesterday.

—High School concert at the M. E. church next Monday evening.

—Read the large holiday advertisement of Bell Brothers, Olean, in another column.

—Mrs. Byron Badger entertained Country Cousins at her home on East Main street yesterday.

—Go to the clam chowder supper in the basement of St. Elizabeth's church Saturday evening, at 5:30.

—Don't fail to read the opening chapters of "The Sky Man" which begins in this issue of The Miner.

—Mrs. Melville Gillett entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club at the home of her parents on Main street last Thursday evening.

—H. B. Oviatt has purchased a house and lot of J. C. Cunningham in East Smethport and has taken possession of the property.

—Gus Kullsheen, who was confined to the County Home last week, has so far recovered that he has returned to his home in Medix Run.

—Mrs. M. L. Wasson, mother of D. B. Wasson of this borough, died at her home in Johnsonburg on Friday, Dec. 2, 1910, in her 59th year.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hackett wish to thank their many friends and neighbors who rendered them so many kindnesses during the last fatal illness of their son, Cecil.

—The Miner will not issue a paper the week between Christmas and New Years. Some of the force want a short vacation and we think they have earned it.

—Owing to the fact that the fire alarm on the hose house is out of working order the bell in the Swedish Lutheran church will be used in case of fire until the regular alarm is repaired.

—The High School concert which will be given at the M. E. church on Monday evening next, should be largely attended. An excellent program has been arranged and a first-class entertainment is assured.

—We are indebted to Frank Oviatt of Norwich for an excellent rib roast of the "Old Grape Vine" buck, which he brought down in the latter part of the hunting season, and it is needless to say we enjoyed it hugely.

—Charles E. Mays, former sheriff of this county, is thinking seriously of again being a candidate for that office. Mr. Mays has a host of friends in this county and will, if he decides to make the run, be in the race every minute.

—William G. Holder of this borough was appointed this week by Judge Bouton to act as jury commissioner for the unexpired term of Edward R. Benson, resigned, of Mt. Jewett. Mr. Benson is one of our newly elected assemblymen—therefore the vacancy.

—The advertisement of Lane's jewelry store appears in this issue telling of choice selections for holiday gifts. This is one of the best known jewelry establishments in this section and persons looking for really choice things in this line should give him a call.

—Miss Lelia Hackett had the misfortune to slip on the walk near the Wright House Friday evening and fracture a bone in her left arm, near the wrist. After going as far as Brastod's bakery she was in such pain that she went inside and when she removed her glove she found her arm was broken. Miss Hackett immediately went to the office of Dr. Hamilton and had the fracture reduced. She is now resting very comfortably.

—A very pretty dance was held at Farmers Valley last Thursday night when about sixty young people of that place and surrounding towns gathered at Stull's hall and made merry. Chadwick's orchestra was present to furnish music, which they did in their usual fine style. At midnight a very dainty luncheon was served and at 2 o'clock the party broke up all expressing themselves as having had a most enjoyable evening.

—Mrs. Tabor, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. J. Colegrove, on East Main street met with a painful accident shortly after six o'clock Monday evening. The aged lady stepped up a couple of stairs to light a gas light in the hall when she suddenly lost her balance and fell to the floor. She was partially unconscious when picked up by her daughter. Medical aid was summoned and after an examination it was found that she had suffered no serious injury. However, she was badly shaken up by the fall and is quite lame at this writing.

—The sale of Red Cross Christmas seals promises to be very large this season. People seem to be awake to the fact that it is time every energy is used to stamp out consumption as science has demonstrated in the past few years that this is possible. Every patient that goes to a sanatorium is educated to lead the simple life, and they are bound to spread this education when they get home. All the Red Cross Christmas seals that you buy helps the Bon Air Sanatorium to spread this knowledge through the nation's dischrged. Buy seals if you only buy a few.

The clam chowder supper which the ladies of St Elizabeth's congregation have to serve during the week of the Catholic fair and which was postponed at that time on account of being unable to secure clams, will now be served in the basement of the church on Saturday evening, Dec. 17th, at 5:30 o'clock. P. Curran and an able corps of assistants, will have charge of the kitchen and the standard of the chowder on the occasion, which is a guarantee that it will be first class in every respect. Tickets are now being offered at 45 cents each.

Helen Boyle, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, will be given a position in the West Virginia penitentiary for a period of [illegible] years for the murder of Willie Wood. Two Pennsylvania men have actively assisted in carrying out the boy's [illegible] by "Butcher" Boyle, the latter, who murdered the cowboy nothing either prior, but saw assisted in planning the job and later rendered effective aid in carrying out the game of extortion. There is but little sympathy to be wasted on any creature of her type.

The jury in the case of Margaret McFadden and Emma Long, the two nurses at the State hospital at North Warren, who were tried on a charge of assault and battery, could not agree and after deliberating on the subject for twenty-four hours were discharged. It will be remembered that the jury found Miss McFarland, who was tried singly on the same charge not guilty of the charges preferred against her. The district attorney is said to have new evidence, which will be presented to the grand jury when that body starts its investigation over the alleged cruelties that are being practiced at this institution.

—During the fall term, which will close December 22nd, the following students have been registered at the Clarion State Normal school: Mary Alexander, Hazelhurst; Hazel Boggs, Bradford; Eva Brenoel, Kane; Lucy Burt, Smethport; Ethel Crouch, Bradford; Iva Davy, Eldred; Beatrice Finn, Turtle Point; Lillian Hagberg, Smethport; Reva Holden, Port Allegany; Mabel Lyle, Smethport; Besse Mortland, Rixford; Cecelia Oliver, Eldred; Lois Porter, Rew; Nora Randall, Hazelhurst; Gertrude Richards, Smethport; Lulu Robbins, Port Allegany; Inza Sherburne, Smethport; Anna Swanson, Smethport.

—Mrs. W. J. O'Neil of No. 10 East Washington street, was severely burned in an explosion of gasoline at her apartments, shortly after noon on Saturday at Bradford. Mrs. O'Neil was in the kitchen cleaning some lace curtains with gasoline which became ignited. The lady's clothing had caught fire and before the flames were extinguished her face, neck and arms were severely blistered. The lace curtains were destroyed. Mrs. O'Neil was resting comfortably last night, and no serious results are anticipated although the shock was very severe.—Bradford Era. Mrs. O'Neil has friends in Smethport who wish for her speedy recovery.

—Ellis Smalley, 17 years old, of Fairhope, was shot and instantly killed at the home of Robert Crawford, Bellevernon, Pa., where she was making a neighborly call on Tuesday. The revolver was in the hands of William Grant, 20 years old, who has been target shooting. He was at the time testing the weapon and it is alleged by those who witnessed the accident that the girl deliberately walked in front of it just as he shot. The young man was prostrated with hysterics and desired to kill himself when he saw what he had done. Later he gave himself up to the police and is held to await an investigation. The Crawfords say that last night the girl threatened to commit suicide by drinking poison and they declare that the manner in which she jumped in front of Grant's revolver was indicative of suicidal intent. The motive is unknown.

DIAMONDS DIAMONDS

GOLD AND SILVER BAGS

HULL UMBRELLAS

MEN'S FINE JEWELRY

AT LANE'S

SILVERWARE

STYLES CLOCKS

WATCHES WATCHES

Bradford Pa

The Right Place

Headquarters for

Santa Claus

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Ladies and Childrens' Furnishings.

Infants Goods a Specialty

Long Coats
Bonnets
Sacques
Kimonas, etc.

Everything beautiful for

Christmas

SHOP NOW

Do not just *Think* about it but act to-day. You have many advantages over the last-minute-shopper, if you come to us now. Our store is brim full of the cicest selection of

XMAS GOODS

You will find here **EVERYTHING** that **Men and Boys** wear—and like, things too numerous to name. Besides, you can

Save from $2.00 to $5.00

if you wish to buy a Man's, Boy's or Child's Suit or Overcoat as a Xmas gift.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Only twelve more short shopping days before Christmas Eve and at this season of the year you know time fairly flies.

We're ready with a store full of Holiday suggestions.

Gifts to your friends and to those who have been less fortunate than yourself—select your gifts for them with care.

This list will help you. It will afford us pleasure to show you through.

Gifts for Men

Don't wrinkle your forehead another minute. No need to trust to anothe. taste in cigars this year, for here are hundreds of gifts that men will like.

Smoking sets, ash tray, ink stands, cigar holders, calendars, collar and cuff cases, military brushes, shaving sets and dozens more of acceptable things. To say nothing of the latest ideas in furnishings at the men's counter.

Gifts for Women

Its easy here—Toilet cases, gloves and handkerchief cases, work boxes, mirrors, trays, calendars, pictures, gloves, neckwear, ribbon, belts, umbrellas, fancy combs, handkerchiefs, bracelets, lockets, hat pins, belt buckles, fur, and shopping bags in Black Velvet and Leather, and an endless lot of other that you can't go wrong on.

Toys and Games

To delight the little folks. Rocking horses, mechanical toys, swings, chairs, tables, tea sets, books, rolly dollies, graphophones, teddy bears, the newest games, etc.

There's no use trying to enumerate them all.

Pictures

No one has too many. Pictures are delightful gifts if they are good ones. All sorts of frames and a great variety of subjects. 5c to $3.75.

sweater coats

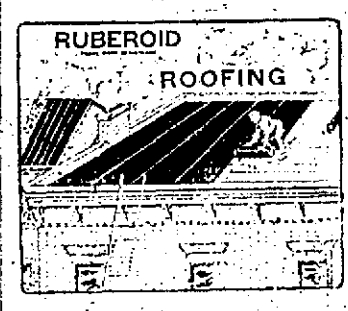
Sweater coats $1.00 to $3.50.

Umbrellas

Umbrellas 50c to $6.75.

Fry & Comes

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY

There is nothing more certain to please the recipient of your Christmas Gift than some article in our jewelry line, which is now complete in all its

Christmas Elegances

We have neither the time nor the space to name all these attractive gifts but we have a complete up-to-date stock including all the novelties in

Precious stones, Gold, Silver, Cut Glass, Plated ware.

Every article is sold under our guarantee to be just as represented. Engraving FREE on any purchase made at this store and we will add that early purchasers will get the finest work

ENGSTROM & OLSON

Jewelers

Smethport Penna

A CHRISTMAS VISIT

to our store will surprise you with the choice stock of wines and liquors that are on our shelves and counters, for your Christmas feast or as presents to your friends; a bottle of champagne, a bottle of claret or sherry, will make a most acceptable Christmas gift.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,

Smethport, Pennsylvania.

The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHELL WEBSTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE CENTURY CO
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE SUCCESS CO

CHAPTER I.

The Man With Wings.

For many hours—Cayley was too much of a god today to bother with the exact number of them—he had been flying slowly northward down a mild southerly breeze. Hundreds of feet below him was the dazzling, terrible expanse of the polar ice pack which shrouds the northern limits of the Arctic ocean in its impenetrable veil of mystery.

A compass, a sextant, a bottle of milk and a revolver comprised, with the clothes he wore, and with the shimmering silken wings of his areoplane, his whole equipment. His nearest base of supplies, if you could call it that, was a 20-pound tin of pemmican, hidden under a stone on the north east extremity of Herald island, 800 miles away. The United States rescue station at Point Barrow, the extreme northerly point of Alaska, the place which he had called home for the past three months, was possibly, half as far again away, somewhere off to the southeast.

But for these past weeks of unbroken arctic sunshine, he had fairly lived a-wing. The earth had no obstructions and the air no perils. Today, with his great broad fan-tail drawn up arc-wise beneath him, his planes pitched slightly forward at the precise and perilous angle that only just did not send him plunging, head-first, down upon the sullen masses of ice below, he lay there, prone, upon the sheep-skin sleeping bag which padded the frame-work supporting his two wings, as secure as the great fulmar petrel which drew curiously near, and then, with a wheel and a plunge, fled away, squawking.

For all practical purposes Cayley had learned to fly. The great fan-driven air ship, 100 feet from tip to tip, which had long lain idle on his ranch at Sandoval, would probably never leave its house again. It had done yeoman service. Without its powerful propellers, for the last resource, Cayley would never have been able to try the experiments and get the practise which had given him the air for his natural element. He had outgrown it. He had no more need of motors or whirling fans. The force of gravity, the force of the breeze and the perfectly co-ordinated muscles of his own body gave him all the power he needed now.

Perhaps the succeeding generations of humankind may develop an eye which can see ahead when the body is lying prone, as a bird lies in its flight. Cayley had remedied this deficiency with a little silver mirror, slightly concave, screwed fast to the crossbrace which supported his shoulders. Instead of bending back his head, or trying to see out through his eyebrows, he simply cast a backward glance into this mirror whenever he wanted to look on ahead. It had been a little perplexing at first, but he could see better in it now than with his unaided eyes.

And now, a minute or two, perhaps, after that fulmar had gone squawking away, he glanced down into his mirror, and his olympian calm was shaken with the shock of surprise. For what he saw, clearly reflected in his little reducing glass, was land. There was a mountain, and a long dark line that must be a cliff-like coast.

And it was land that never had been marked on any chart. In absolute degrees of latitude he was not, from the arctic explorer's view, very far north. Over on the other side of the world they run excursion steamers every summer nearer to the pole than he was at this moment. Spitzbergen, which has had a permanent population of 15,000 souls, lies 300 miles farther north than this uncharted coast which Philip Cayley saw before him.

But the great ice cap which covers the top of the world is irregular in shape, and just here, northward from Alaska, it juts its impenetrable barrier far down into the Arctic sea. Rogers, Collinson and the ill-fated De Long—they all had tried to penetrate this barrier, and had been turned back.

Cayley wheeled sharply up into the wind, and soared aloft to a height of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. Then, with a long, flashing, shimmering sweep, he descended, in the arc of a great circle, and hung, poised, over the land itself and behind the jutting shoulder of the mountain.

The land was a narrow-necked peninsula. Mountain and cliff prevented him from seeing the immediate coast on the other side of it; but out a little way to sea he was amazed to discover open water, and the smoke-like vapor that he saw rising over the cliffhead made it evident that the opening extended nearly, if not quite, to the very land's edge. It was utterly unexpected, for the side of the peninsula which he had approached was ice-locked for miles.

He would have towered again above the rocky ridge which shut off his view, and gone to investigate this phenomenon at closer range, had he not, just then, got the shock of another surprise, greater than the discovery of land itself.

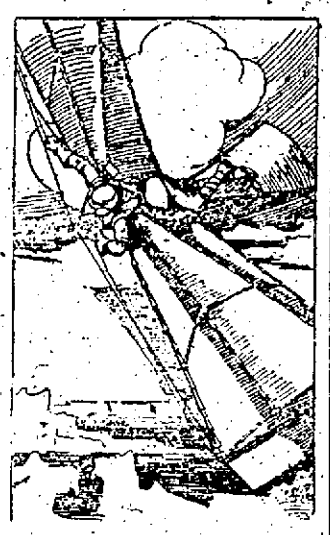
The little valley which he hung poised above was sheltered by a second ridge of rocky, ice-capped hills to the north, and, except for streaks, denoting crevices, here and there, was quite free from ice and snow. There were bright patches of green upon it, evidently some bit of flowering northern grass, and it was flecked here and there with bright bits of color, yellow poppy, he judged it to be, and saxifrage. Hugging the base of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley, then notching the cliff and grinding down to sea at the other side of it was a great white glacier, all the whiter, and colder, and more dazzling for its contrast with the brown mountain-side and the green-clad valley.

Up above the glacier, on the farther side, were great broad yellow patches, which he would have thought were poppy field, but for the impossibility of their growing in such a place. No vegetable growth was possible, he would have thought, against that clean-cut, almost vertical, rocky face. And yet, what else could have given it that blazing yellow color? Some day he was to learn the answer to that question.

But the thing that caught his eye now, that made him start and draw in a little involuntary gasp of wonder, was the sight of a little clump of black dots moving slowly, almost imperceptibly from this distance, across the face of the glacier. He blinked his eyes, as if he suspected them of playing him false. Unless they had played him false, these tiny dots were men.

All of the party, but one man, were dressed exactly alike, in hooded bear-skin shirts and breeches, and boots of what he guessed was walrus hide. They moved along with the peculiar wary shuffle of men accustomed, by long habit, to the footing and to the heavy confining garb they wore. So far as he could see they were unarmed.

The other man was strikingly different. He appeared to be clad much as Cayley was himself, in leather,



Cayley Wheeled Sharply Up Into the Wind.

rather than in untanned hide. He seemed slighter, sprightlier, and in every way to convey the impression of having come more recently from the civilized, habitable portion of the world than his companions. He carried a rifle slung by a strap over his shoulder, evidently foreseeing no immediate use for it, and a flask.

Cayley was too far aloft for their conversation to be audible to him, but he could hear that they were talking. The leather-clad man appeared to be doing the most of it, and, from the inflection of his voice, he seemed to be speaking in English.

Presently he noticed that the leather-clad man had forged a little ahead of his companions, or, rather—like a flash, this idea occurred to Cayley—that the others were purposely lagging a little behind.

And then, before that sinister idea could formulate itself into a definite suspicion, his eyes widened with amazement, and the cry he would have uttered died in his throat; for this man, who had so innocently allowed the others to fall behind him, suddenly staggered, clutched at something—it looked like a thin ivory dart—that had transfixed his throat, tugged it out in a sudden flood of crimson, reeled a little and then went backwards over the glassy edge of a fissure in the ice, which lay just to the left of the path where he had been walking.

From the instant when Cayley had noticed the others dropping behind, to the last glimpse he had of the body of the murdered man could hardly have been five seconds.

The instant the murdered man disappeared, another, who had not previously been with the party, it seemed, appeared from behind a hummock of ice. There could be no doubt either that he was the commander of the little group of skin-clad figures that remained. The ambush appeared to have been perfectly deliberate. There had been no outcry, not even a gesture of surprise or of remonstrance.

Cayley looked at the assassin curiously. He was dressed exactly like the others, but seemed very much bigger; seemed to walk with less of a slouch, and had, even to Cayley's limited view of him, an air of authority. Cayley was surprised at his not being armed with a bow, for he knew of no other way in which a dart could have been propelled with power enough, even at close range, to have transfixed a man's throat. The assassin's only weapon, except for a quiverful of extra darts, seemed to be a short blunt stick, rudely whittled, perhaps ten inches long.

Obedient, apparently, to the order of the new arrival, the party changed its direction, leaving what was evidently a well-known path to them, for a seemingly more direct but rougher route. And they moved now with an appearance of haste. Presently they scrambled over a precipitous ledge of ice and, in a moment, were lost to Cayley's view.

The world was suddenly empty again, as if no living foot had ever trodden it; and Cayley, hovering there, a little above the level of the ice, rubbed his eyes and wondered whether the singular, silent tragedy he had just witnessed were real, or a trick the mysterious arctic light had played upon his tired eyes. But there remained upon that vacant scene two material reminders of the tragedy to which it had afforded a setting. One was smudge of crimson on the snow; the other, a little distance off, just this side of the icy ridge over which the last of the party had gone scrambling a moment before, was the strange looking blunt stick which he had seen in the assassin's hand.

Cayley flew a little lower, his wings almost skimming the ice. Finally, reaching the spot where the thing had fallen, he alighted and picked it up. Whether its possessor had valued it, or not, whether or not he might be expected to return for it, Cayley did not know, and did not much care.

He stood for some time turning the thing over in his hands, puzzling over it, trying to make out how it could have been used as the instrument of propulsion to that deadly ivory dart. There was a groove on one side of it, with a small ivory plug at the end. The other end was curiously shaped, misshapen, rather, for, though it was obviously the end one held, Cayley could not make it fit his hand, whatever position he held it in.

Giving up the problem at last, he tucked the stick into his belt, slipped his arm through the strap in the frame-work of his aeroplane and prepared for flight. He had a little difficulty getting up, owing to the absence of a breeze at this point. Finally he was obliged to climb, with a good deal of labor, the icy ridge up which he had watched the little party of murderers scrambling.

At the crest he cast a glance around, looking for them, but saw no signs of them. Then, getting a favorable slant of the wind, he mounted again into the element he now called his own.

Five years before Philip Cayley would have passed for a good example of that type of clean-limbed, clean-minded, likable young man which the best of our civilization seems to be flowering into. Physically, it would have been hard to suggest an improvement in him, he approached so near the ideal standards. He was fine grained, supple, slender, small-jointed, thorough-bred from head to heel.

Intellectually, he had been good enough to go through the academy at West Point with credit, and to graduate high enough in his class to be assigned to service in the cavalry. His standards of conduct, his ideas of honor and morality had been about the same as those of the best third of his classmates. If his fellow officers in the Philippines, during the year or two he spent in the service, had been asked to pick a flaw in him, which they would have been reluctant to do, they would have said that he seemed to them a bit too thin-skinned and rather fastidious; that was what his chum and only intimate friend, Perry Hunter, said about him at any rate.

But he could afford to be fastidious, for he had about all a man could want, one would think. For three generations they had taken wealth for granted in the Cayley family, and with it had come breeding, security of social position, simplicity and ease in making friends, both among men and women. In short, there could be no doubt at all that up to his twenty-ninth year Fate had been ironically kind to Philip Cayley. She had given him no hint, no preparation for the stunning blow that was to fall upon him, suddenly, out of so clear a sky.

When it did fall, it cut his life clean across; so that when he thought back to that time now, it seemed to him that the Lieutenant Cayley of the United States army had died over there in the Philippines, and that he, the man who was now soaring in those great circles through the arctic sky, was a chance inheritor of his name and of his memory.

He had set out one day at the head of a small scouting party, the best-liked man in the regiment, secure in the respect, in the almost fatherly regard, of his colonel, proudly conscious of the almost idolatrous admiration of his men and the younger officers. He had gone out believing that no one ever had a truer friend than he possessed in Perry Hunter, his classmate at West Point, his fellow officer in the regiment, the confidant of all his hopes and ideals.

He had come back, after a fortnight's absence, to find his name smeared with disgrace, himself judged and condemned, unheard, in the opinion of the mess. And that was not the worst of it. The same blow which had deprived him of the regard of the only people in the world who mattered to him, destroyed, also, root and branch, his affection for the one man of whom he had made an intimate. The only feeling that it would be possible for him to entertain for Perry Hunter again must be a half-pitying, half-incredulous contempt. And if that was his feeling for the man he had trusted most and loved the most deeply, what must be it for the rest of humankind? What did it matter what they thought of him or what they did to him? All he wanted of human society was to escape from it.

He fell to wondering, as he hung, suspended, over that rosy expanse of fleecy fog, whether, were the thing to do over again, he would act as he had acted five years ago; whether he would content himself with a single disdainful denial of the monstrous thing they charged him with; whether he would resign again, under fire, and go away, leaving his tarnished name for the daws to peck at.

Heretofore he had always answered that question with a fierce affirmative. Today it left him wondering. Had he stayed, had he paid the price that would have been necessary to clear himself, he would never have found his wings, so much was clear. He would never have spent those four years in the wilderness, working, experimenting, taking his life in his

He Heard a Little Surprised Cry.

hands, day after day, while he mastered the art that no man had ever mastered before.

He had set himself this task because it was the only one he knew that did not involve contact with his fellow-beings. He must have something that he could work at alone. Work and solitude were two things that he had felt an overmastering craving for. And the possibility he had faced with a light heart every morning—the possibility of a sudden and violent death before night, had been no more to him than an agreeable spice to the day's work.

It was not until he had actually learned to fly, had literally shaken the dust of the earth from his feet and taken to the sky as his abode, that his wound had healed. The three months that he had spent in this upper arctic air, a-wing for 16 hours out of 24, had calmed him, put his nerves in tune again; given him for men and their affairs a quiet indifference, in place of the smarting contempt he had been hugging to his breast before. Three months ago, at sight of those little human dots crossing the glacier, he would have wheeled, aloft and gone sailing away. Even a month ago he would hardly have hung, soaring there, above the fog, waiting for it to lift again the veil of mystery which it had drawn across the tragic scene he had just witnessed.

The month was August—and the long arctic day had already begun to know its diurnal twilight. A fortnight ago the sun had dipped, for the first time, below the horizon. By now there were four or five hours, out of every 25, that would pass for night.

The sun set while he hung there in the air, and as it did so, with a new slant of the breeze the fog rolled itself up into a great violet-colored cloud, leaving the earth, the ice, the sea unveiled below him. And there, in the open water of the little bay, he saw a ship, and on the shore a cluster of rude huts.

It struck him, even from the height at which he soared, that the ship, tied to an ice-floe in the shelter of the great headland, did not look like a whaler, nor like the sort of craft which an arctic explorer would have selected for his purposes. It had more the trim smartness of a yacht.

They were probably all asleep down there, he reflected. It was nearly midnight and he saw no signs of life anywhere. He would drop down for a nearer look.

He descended, with a sudden hawk-like pounce, which was one of his more recent achievements in the navigation of the air, checked himself again at about the level of the mast-head, with a flashing, forward swoop, like a man diving in shallow water; then, with a sudden effort, brought himself up standing, his planes nearly vertical, and, with a backward spring, alighted, clear of his wings, on the ice-floe just opposite the ship.

As he did so, he heard a little surprised cry, half of fear, half of astonishment. It was a girl's voice.

CHAPTER II.

The Girl on the Ice Floe.

She stood there on the floe confronting him, not ten feet away, and at sight of her Philip Cayley's eyes widened. "What in the world!" he gasped. Then stared at her speechless.

She was clad, down to the knees, in sealskin, and below its edge he could see the tops of her small fur-trimmed boots. Upon her head she wore a little turban-like cap of seal. The smartly tailored lines of the coat emphasized her young slenderness. Her bootmaker must have had a reputation upon some metropolitan boulevard, and her head-gear came clearly under the category of what is known as modes. Her eyes were very blue and her hair was golden, warmed, he thought, as she stood there in the orange twilight, with a glint of red.

Cayley gasped again, as he took in the details of this vision. Then collected himself. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I don't mean to be rudely inquisitive, but what, in the world, is a person like you doing in this part of it—that is, if you are real at all? This is latitude 76, and no cartographer who ever lived has put that coast-line yonder into his maps. Yet here, in this nameless bay, I find a yacht, and on this ice floe, in the twilight, you."

She shook her head a little impatiently, and blinked her eyes, as if to clear them of a vision. "Of course," she said. "I know I've fallen asleep and this is a dream of mine, but even for a dream, aren't you a little unreasonable? Yachts are a natural mode of conveyance across the ocean. You find them in many bays—sometimes in nameless ones—and they always have people on them. But you—you come wheeling down, out of a night sky, like some great nocturnal bird, and alight here on the floe beside me. And then you change yourself into a man and look at me in surprise, and ask me, in English, what in the world I am doing here—I had the yacht; and ask me if I'm real."

There was a moment of silence after that. Unconsciously they drew a little nearer together. Then Cayley spoke. "I'm real, at any rate," he said; "at least I'm a tax-payer, and I weigh 169 pounds, and I have a name and address. It's Philip Cayley. If that will make me seem more natural, and my headquarters this summer are over on Point Barrow."

"I'm not dreaming, then?" she asked dubiously.

"No," he said; "if either of us is dreaming, it's not you. May I furl up my wings and talk to you for awhile?"

Her eyes were on the broad-spread, shimmering planes which lay on the ice behind him. She seemed hardly to have heard his question, though she answered it with an almost voiceless "yes." Then she approached, half fearfully, the thing he called his "wings."

"It is made of quite commonplace materials," he said with a smile—"split bamboo and carbon and catgut and a fabric of bladders, cemented with fish glue. And folding it up is rather an ungainly job. The birds still have the advantage of me there. In a strong wind it's not very easy to do without damaging something. Would you mind slipping that joint for me—that one right by your hand? It's just like a fishing rod."

She did as he asked, and her smile convinced him that she had at least half-guessed his purpose in asking the service of her. The next moment her words confirmed it.

"You wanted me to make sure, I suppose, that it would not turn into a great roc when I touched it and fly away with me to the Valley of Diamonds." She patted the furled wing gently with both hands. "I suppose," she continued, "one could dream as vividly as this, although I never have—unless, of course, this is a dream. But—" and now she held out her hand to him, "but I hope I am awake. And my name is Jeanne Fielding."

He had the hand in his, and noticed how live and strong and warm it was, before she pronounced her name. At the sound of it, he glanced at her curiously; but all he said just then was, "Thank you," and busied himself immediately with completing the process of furling his wings.

When he had finished, he tossed the sheep-skin down in a little hollow in the floe, and with a gesture invited her to be seated.

"Oh, I've a great pile of bear skins out here," she said, "quite a ridiculous pile of them, considering it is not a cold night; and we can make ourselves comfortable here, or go aboard the yacht, just as you please."

They were seated side by side in the little nest she had made for herself, before he reverted to the idea which had sprung up in his mind upon hearing her name. "There was a 'Captain Fielding' once," he said slowly, "who set out from San Francisco half a dozen years ago, in the hope of discovering the pole by the way of Behring strait. His ship was never seen again, nor was any word received from him. Finding you here and hearing your name, I wondered—"

"Yes," she said gravely, "he was my father. We got news of him last winter, if you could call it news, for it was four years old before it reached us. A whaler in the arctic fleet picked up a floating bottle with a message from him telling where he was. So we have come here to find him—at least to find where he died, for I suppose there is no hope—never so much as a grain of hope of anything better."

Cayley could not contradict her, and he saw there was little need of trying to do so. She had spoken simply, and very gravely, but it was evident the years had not taken the sting out of her grief.

"He told you where he was?" he asked.

"Oh, quite exactly," she told him; "he gave us latitude and longitude, and mapped the coast-line. So you were wrong, you see, in what you said about cartographers. And he gave us the route by which with reasonable fortune, we might find open water. We had good fortune and we got here safely, but, of course, we were too late. The hut on the shore there is

State.
Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheta.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Seaton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Mansfield.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Shinglehouse; L. H. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. A. Marvine, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. F. Merrill, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Latham, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
County Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford.
County Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
County Commissioners—M. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. C. Mercer, Smethport.
County Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. M. Corr, Corryville.
County Treasurer—E. E. Eastman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. M. Heath, President; F. E. Mayer, Secretary; J. W. Watts, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deuling, F. L. Shamburg, J. C. Buchan, H. H. Mason.
Justices—M. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Mayfield, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 259, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
J. W. PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGarvey, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:35 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Hogan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffeny, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feddders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

deserted. We have seen no signs of life at all. The men have gone ashore to search, and there is to be a gun-fire if they find anyone alive. But they have been out all day and there has been no sound. You will understand, I think, though, why I did not want to sleep tonight in my cabin in the yacht; why the ice and the dome of stars seemed better."

"Yes," he said, "I understand." Presently, after a moment's musing, he added, "What seems strange to me, incomprehensible altogether, is, that men, like your father, and so many others, should risk and lose their lives trying to reach the pole."

"You can't understand that—" she questioned surprised, "you, a man with wings?"

"I suppose it's because of the wings," he answered her. "I slept there once, early this summer—slept, and rested, and ate a meal."

"There—" she echoed incredulously. "Where do you mean?"

"At the pole, or within a half degree of it—I won't guarantee my instruments, nor my hit-and-miss observations any more accurately than that—and it seemed a poor place to risk one's life trying to reach. Just the ice-pack—the eternal ice-pack; nothing but that." Then his eyes lighted a little. "But I should like to go there some time, in the winter—should like to fly straight ahead, for hours and hours, through the long dark, until I could see the North Star squarely above my head in the zenith, the center of all the universe. That would be a sight worth having, I should think. Some day, perhaps, I shall try for it. And then one could go straight on across—a week or ten days would do it all—from Dawson City, say, to St. Petersburg."

"Dawson City to St. Petersburg!" she repeated; "only a creature of wings could put those two cities in the same sentence, even in imagination. And even with you it must be imaginary. You couldn't do it, really—could you?"

"Yes," he said; "I could do it."

"You're tireless, then?" she asked. "You would go on flying, flying, without rest, for a week?"

"I don't fly," he told her, "or hardly at all. The birds don't fly, not these great soaring birds that live on the wing. They sail; so do I."

"But, then, don't you have to go with the wind?"

"You've sailed a boat, haven't you?" he asked by way of answer. "You put up a sail to catch the breeze, and then you make it force your boat right up into it; make your boat go against the wind, by the force of the wind itself. That was regarded as a miracle once when man first did it."

"Of course," she admitted, "but you do that by tacking."

"That's the way I do it—by tacking, and the force of gravity is my keel."

"How long have you lived like this?" she asked abruptly.

"Really lived? Only three months or so. I spent the better part of five years learning to fly."

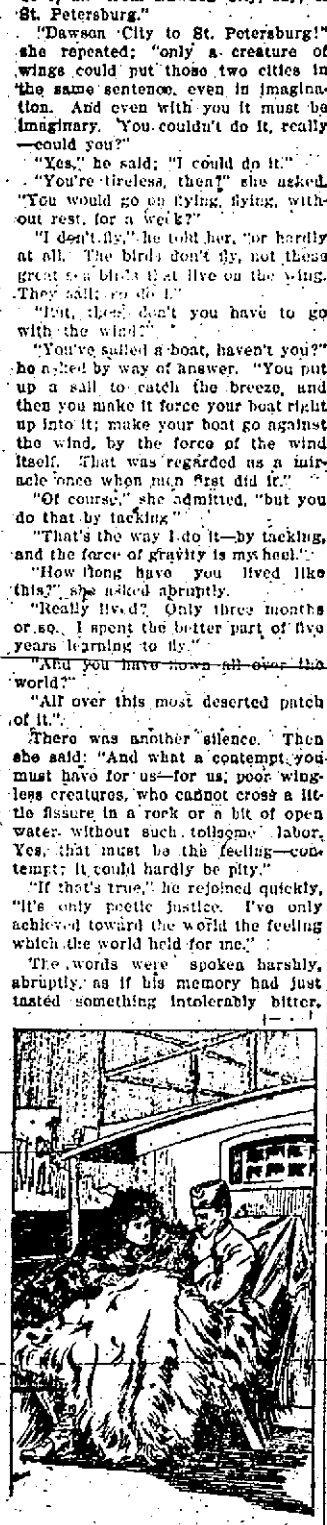
"And you have flown all over the world?"

"All over this most deserted patch of it."

There was another silence. Then she said: "And what a contempt you must have for us—for us, poor wingless creatures, who cannot cross a little fissure in a rock or a bit of open water without such toilsome labor. Yes, that must be the feeling—contempt; it could hardly be pity."

"If that's true," he rejoined quickly, "it's only poetic justice. I've only achieved toward the world the feeling which the world held for me."

The words were spoken harshly, abruptly, as if his memory had just tasted something intolerably bitter.



"At Least You Have a Magnificent Revenge."

The manner of the words, no less than the sense of them startled her, and she checked a movement to turn and look into his face. Instead, she tried to recall it as it had looked when she had first stood confronting him, before the twilight had faded.

It was a strange face, as she remembered it, but this, she reflected, was probably due to the incongruous effect of his deeply tanned skin with his very light sun-bleached hair. A sensitive face, finely chiseled, almost beautiful—and young, but with an inexplicable stamp of premature age upon it. It had not struck her at all as a tragic face. And yet the meaning of those last words of his, uttered as they were, had been tragic enough.

"At least you have a magnificent revenge," was all she said. And then there was another silence. She herself was trying to think of something to say, for she realized that his confession had been involuntary, and that the silence must be distressing him.

But it was he himself who broke the silence with a natural, matter-of-fact question. "You say a searching party has set out from the yacht? Have they been long ashore?"

"They set out only a little after sunrise. We came into the bay with the last of yesterday's twilight, and the sight of those huts, at the edge of the shore—" her voice faltered a little, "nearly made us hope that the impossible might prove true. We fired our signal cannon two or three times and then sent up some rockets, without getting any answer." It was too late to go ashore in the dark; so we had to wait a few hours for another sunrise. The few of us who were left on the yacht expected them back today before dark fell. But I suppose there's nothing to worry about in their not coming. They went equipped to pass a night ashore, if necessary. You don't advise me to begin worrying about them, do you?"

He did not answer her question. He was recalling something which his amazing meeting with the girl out here on the ice-floe had, for a little while, put quite out of his mind—the weird, silent tragedy he had seen enacted a few hours before upon the glacier behind the headland. The victim, the man in the leather coat, must have been one of the party from the yacht; but it was impossible that the little band of his murderers could be. No one freshly landed from the yacht would have been dressed as they were, or would have been armed with darts.

With no better look at them than had been possible to him as he hung above their heads, he had been convinced that they were white; certainly, the leather-coated man had been talking to them, freely enough, in English. And yet, if white, they must have been refugees—survivors, if not of Captain Fielding's ill-fated expedition, then of some other, tragic, unreported ship wreck.

But if they were white men—refugees, why had they fled from their hut at sight of the yacht which came bringing a rescue? Why had they driven that one luckless member of the rescuing party, who fell in with them, into that carefully prepared ambush, and then murdered him, silently? Even Eskimos would not have done a thing like that.

His long silence had alarmed the girl, and presently, perceiving that this was so, he drew himself up with an effort to start. "I beg your pardon. I drifted off, thinking of something else. Living in the sky doesn't seem conducive to good manners. No, I don't—believe there is anything to worry about. Any way, as soon as light comes back, which won't be long now, I can set at rest any fears you may have. I'll go and find your party, and I'll search the land, too—for anything else that may be there. And then I'll bring you word."

"You are very good," she said with a little hesitation, "but I can't let you—"

He interrupted her with a laugh. "It's nothing difficult that I am proposing to do for you, you know."

"That's true. I had forgotten your wings. The rocks, the ice, the steep places, that mean so tragically much to them, are nothing at all to you. But what are you doing now? Even you can't find them in the dark."

He had already begun unstrapping the bundle he had made of his wings, and seemed to be preparing for immediate flight. That was what caused her question.

"No," he said; "I shall wait for sunrise."

"But why not here, on the yacht? We can give you a comfortable bed there; better, certainly, than that sleeping bag of yours."

"I am afraid," he said, "that what you call a comfortable bed in a yacht's cabin would be the surest instrument that could be found for keeping me awake all night. No, I shall find a sheltered hollow up at the top of that headland yonder, where I shall sleep deeply enough, you may be sure."

She watched him, silently, while he slipped the steel-jointed rods into place, drew the catgut bow strings taut, until they sang—until the fabric of his planes shimmied in the starlight—quivered, as if they were instinct with a life of their own.

A sense of the unreality of it all came welling up strongly within her, and a touch of an almost forgotten fear of him.

"Good night," she said, holding out her hand—"goodby."

"Till morning," he answered.

A little breeze came blowing across the ice just then. He dropped her hand quickly, slipped his arms into their places in the frame, mounted the ledge of ice, and then, with a short run, sprang forward into the breeze.

She saw his planes bend a little, undulate, rather, with a sort of sculling motion, as he flew forward, not far above the level of her head. He dipped down again as soon as he had open water beneath him, and almost skimmed the surface of it. Then, gathering speed, he began mounting.

She felt curiously alone now that he was gone; and a little frightened, like a child just waking out of a dream. And she blew a small silver whistle that hung about her neck, for a signal to the men on the yacht to send a boat for her.

Then, while she waited, she dropped down rather limply on her pile of bear-skins. Her hand found something hard that had not been there before, and taking it up she found that it was a curious blunt stick of wood, rudely whittled, and about ten inches long. It must have fallen from his belt while he sat there talking to her. She wondered what he used it for.

(To be continued.)

Cause and Effect.

Great results usually arise from great dangers.—Herodotus.

A Shopping Acrostic.

Be not wait until too late,
O shopper of the season!

Your purse and list in hand, p forth—
O haste you! There's a rearch
Up then and count your hoard 'n cash;
Roll up your sleeves and make dar

Christmas spirit's in the air—
Happy hearts are beating—
Royal season of the year,
It's a time of greeting.
Some folks hesitate until
Things are hurly-burly.
Make all haste, the merchant pleads,
And do buying early.
Sure, this means you, girly.

Shopping early is an art.
Hurry and acquire it.
O kind friend, be one of those
People who desire it!
Push ahead—it's up to you.
If you're wise you'll hustle.
Nab the early bargain birds.
Grab 'em as they rustle.

Early shopping—that's the game!
Ah, you'd better try it!
Hush the line and, seeing some
Lovely gift, don't shy it.
You just up and buy it!

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

An Effort to Oblige.

"Mr. Lobrow does his best to be agreeable," said the sympathetic young woman. "It's too bad that he has so little tact."

"I understand that Miss Coddleyap refuses to speak to him. He sent her a box of candy, and she fed it all to her pet terrier. So he tried to be still more kind and thoughtful and sent her a box of dog biscuit."—Washington Star.

Toast to the Mistletoe Girl.

Here's to the maid
Who's never afraid
To stand 'neath the mistletoe;
Here's to the miss
Who gives back the kiss,
Whether 'tis wanted or no.

Here's to the lass
Who looks in the glass
And sees a cheek blushing rare;
Who'll return, yea! or woe,
'Neath the glad mistletoe,
So that both her cheeks will compare!

—Boston Herald.

Uncommonly Musical.

"This is a descriptive piece called 'Rural Life,' madam," said Urban as the band played on. "Listen to the roosters crowing!"

"Is that what it represents?" said Uptown coldly. "Those roosters could only crow like that if you'd been feeding 'em terrible into vaudeville by hash!"—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

Autumn Days.

The autumn days are coming fast,
A chill is in the air;
The summer clothes have had their day,
I'm doubtful what to wear.
My fashion suits have served me well,
But I must call them in;
They've seen the wisest in future times
They seem most blooming thin.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Quite Common.

Cobble—I don't suppose De Carpetack ever has an idea of his own—one that absorbs him, carries him away, so to speak.

Stone—Oh, I don't know. I think he has.

"Pray, what is it?"

"The idea of not doing any work."—Life.

Same Old Crop.

The gladsome Christmastide
Is with us, folks,
And with us now abide
The Christmas jokes.

—Baltimore American.

Improvement.

Small Harold, who usually had to be prompted in his evening prayer, on one occasion got through without help from mamma.

"Now," he gurgled, with a sigh of relief, "I bet God fought that sounded just bully, don't you, mamma?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Please Do.

Oh, save us from the person
Of any age or sex
Who sends us "Merry Christmas"
And spells it with an X!

—Browning's Magazine.

Nothing More to Be Said.

"Did you ask the boss for a raise?"

"Yep. And he gave me the heartless bluff."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd be glad to take my salary if I'd assume his responsibilities."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pigs Is Hogs.

A little pig with a curly tail
And satiny skin, all pinky pale,
Is a very different thing by far
From the lumps of iniquity big pigs are.

—Father Goose.

The Final Shower.

It rained cats and dogs on the wedding party, whereat Jupiter Pluvius chuckled: "It's the best I could do for the bride. She's already been given silver, tin, wooden, book, linen and china showers."—Puck.

An Apt Simile.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said.
The simile was right.
He didn't know it; but, like stars,
Her teeth came out at night!

—Lippincott's.

Something In That.

Customer—Mr. Cutter, why is bacon so high?

Grocer—Because, ma'am, the supply is limited. There's only one kind of animal that grows it.—Chicago Tribune.

Modus Operandi.

My Chloe says she cannot see
How Christmas jokes are made.
They're written 'neath a chestnut tree
When ninety in the shade.

—Judge.

A Good One.

"Give me a good motto for Christmas, will you?"

"Certainly. Why not take, 'Be it known by these presents?'"—New York Journal.

FENNEL.

It Is to the Italians Somewhat as Celery Is to Us.

"'Tisn't often that an Italian table d'hote furnishes anything that takes me back to my grandmother's time," said a New York man, "but that was my experience last night. The first nibble of something I'd supposed was celery sent my mind wandering back fifty years to an old New England village.

"'Fennel?' I asked the Italian waiter. He nodded and smiled and gave me the Italian form of the word, which I carefully wrote down on a scrap of paper, 'Fennocchi.' I suppose it showed my ignorance, but never before did I know that fennel is to the Italians what celery is to us. Evidently the large bases of the leafstalks are bleached in similar fashion, and from the way it was served I could see it was intended to be dipped in salt, as we eat celery. My obliging waiter told me that it was delicious as a salad and when boiled and served with cream sauce it made a popular Italian dish.

"But after all what did those culinary details matter? What really counted was that strange, penetrating flavor which took me back to my childhood. As I thoughtfully nibbled my fennel stalks the last fifty years seemed a blank. I was a child again, picking big clusters of yellow, aromatic fennel seeds in my grandmother's garden."—New York Sun.

AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS.

They Make Themselves, Like Their Idols, as Hideous as Possible.

The most important period of the young African's life is that between youth and manhood (or womanhood). It is then that the witch doctor is extremely busy with his various mysterious rites. It is an important part of his calling to be hideous, as in most cases he undoubtedly is. A ridiculous mask covers his head, and wildcat or other skins are hung around his loins. Pigment of various colors is plentifully daubed over his body, and in this hideous state it is not to be wondered at that he strikes terror into the minds of his fellows as he dances wildly in the dim firelight, glaring at them with fiendish eyes. The timid young creatures are like the hare which trembles as the hovering bird of prey flutters over its head. Self will is crushed, and the erstwhile playful, willful child is transformed in most cases into a frightened creature, with, for the time being, no will of her own. It is a curious thing that nothing connected with what one may call the spiritual side of the blacks' life is ever beautiful. Their carved figures are always, to say the least, grotesque and calculated to frighten rather than comfort the bereaved.—Wide World Magazine.

Twenty Volume Novels.

The longest novels of today are pygmies compared with those published in the seventeenth century. Mlle. de Scudery's "Le Grand Cyrus" ran into ten volumes, its publication being spread over five years. And when it was translated, or, to quote the title page, "Englished by a Person of Honour," it appeared in five folio volumes of some 700 pages apiece. Another novelist of the same period, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, one of his works, "Cleopatre," extending over twenty-three volumes. These novels found plenty of readers despite their enormous length. The Paris publisher of "Le Grand Cyrus" made 100,000 crowns by the first edition alone. Nearly all the works of Scudery and Calprenede were translated into English as soon as they appeared and many of them into German as well.—London Chronicle.

A Historic Spot.

Linlithgow palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name in Scotland, is somewhat square and heavy looking. Linlithgow was the birthplace of Mary, queen of Scots; in Linlithgow church James IV. of Scotland was forewarned by an apparition of the coming disaster at Flodden Field; in its streets the regent Murray was shot; close by the town Edward I. had two ribs broken by his horse the night before Falkirk, and on its loch a chancellor of the exchequer, bent on economy, issued instructions that the royal swans should be kept down to a dozen.—Argonaut.

Good at Arithmetic.

"For goodness' sake, John, how long did you boil these eggs?"

"Just as long as you told me to, my dear."

"Impossible! They're hard as bricks."

"I boiled them just twelve minutes."

"Twelve! Why, I told you that three minutes was long enough for an egg!"

"Yes, dear, but I boiled four of them."—Toledo Blade.

In Musical Terms.

Chief Editor—Look here, Sharpe, here's a fiddler been hanged for murder. How shall I headline it? Musical Editor—How would "Difficult Execution on One String" do?—St. Louis Times.

English as She Is Spoke.

"Must you go?"

"Yes. The wife's sitting up for me, and if I miss the last train I shall catch it."—Lippincott's.

A Hard Job.

Husband—What are you looking for, dear? Wife—I was looking for the invisible hairpin I just dropped.—Exchange.

Being angry is like emptying the pepper pot into your own porridge.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Natalie White has secured a license to drive an automobile in New York.

Miss Della Charlotte Torrey of Millbury, well known as President Taft's Aunt Della, is now eighty-five years old. She is in excellent health.

Mrs. Eva E. Bean of Saco has been admitted to practice in the United States circuit court of Portland. Mrs. Bean is the first woman in Maine to receive the honor. She has been a practicing attorney at Saco for a number of years.

Miss Ethel Smythe, the composer, is now entitled to write "Mus. Doc." after her name. This much coveted degree of musical doctor was recently conferred upon her by Durham university, and Miss Smythe is the first English woman to be so honored.

Maud Morgan is one of the few American women who have seriously devoted themselves to the harp. She studied with her father when a girl and afterward with Chevalier Charles Oberthur, harpist to the queen of the Belgians. Her debut in concert work was made in New York in 1875 with Ole Bull. Miss Morgan has been harpist in Grace church, New York, since 1895.

Sporting Notes.

The Indianapolis Commercial Bowling league will award a diamond medal to the high average man at the end of the present season. It is valued at $75.

Umpire Tommy Connelly of the American league staff will again work in the National Roller Polo league, made of New England town, this winter.

Jim McAleer, the once great outfielder, who has been managing the Senators this season, has signed a two years' contract with them at $10,000 a year.

Frank Kanaly, the Boston runner who did so well in England the past summer, recently defeated M. T. Day regarded as the best man in England, in a mile race by fifteen yards in 4 minutes 27 seconds.

Bouchard recently won the professional foot race around Paris, in which 200 started and which was witnessed by fully 50,000 persons. Orpher, who ran in recent six day races in this country, was second.

Flower and Tree.

Between 1,000 and 3,000 species of orchids are known. Nearly every color occurs. Blue is the rarest. Usually the flowers have a sweet, heavy perfume.

Palm trees have the largest leaves. The jupia palm of the Amazon country has leaves which reach a length of from thirty to fifty feet and a breadth of from ten to twelve feet.

We scarcely think of the pecan as a hickory, yet it is the largest of our hickories. The wood of the pecan is hard, brittle, of a light reddish brown, and is the least valuable of all the hickories, except for fuel and for its nuts.

The Royal Box.

The mikado of Japan is one of the most secluded of monarchs and grants audience only on the most pressing occasion.

Her majesty Alexandra, the queen mother of England, is an expert angler, a sport in which she has been initiated with the Princess Victoria, her favorite child.

King Alfonso of Spain has a unique museum consisting of a collection of articles by which his life has been endangered. Among them is to be found the skin of a horse which was killed by a bomb flung at his majesty.

Automobiles.

The automobile product of the United States last year amounted to 114,000 cars.

The automobile factories of Michigan employ 50,000 men, in addition to 20,000 engaged in the manufacture of parts.

A French automobile builder has demonstrated that tires made of compressed leather will work successfully even on rough roads.

An automobile has been brought out in Europe that is light enough to be picked up and carried by the two men whom it will accommodate.

English Etchings.

Blackmail may be punishable with a life sentence in England.

It is computed that 950,000 dinners and lunches are served daily in London restaurants.

Attached to a tombstone in a Harlesden (England) undertaker's shop is a card which reads, "You may telephone from here."

The foggiest year in London was 1873, with seventy-four fogs, and the foggiest month, December, 1870, with seventeen foggy days.

Town Topics.

Somebody has asserted that "morally Pittsburg is already a rival of Chicago." Now, which city is insulted?—Albany Journal.

It took sixty-six years to settle a New York estate. No wonder the population of that city consists largely of lawyers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It may be that Cleveland's great gain in population is due to the number of people who have moved there in order to live near Mr. Rockefeller.—Galveston News.

"What will it cost me to get up a musical comedy?"

"I'll furnish the music for $5,000," said the composer, "and the book may cost half that amount."

"There won't be any book; I'll use an almanac."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
Her bobbie skirt tripped her,
And then her dog nipped her
And left her to wriggle and moan.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unshrinkable underwear.
Tasteless castor oil.
Quick detachable tires.
Dustless dusters.—Detroit Free Press.

The office boy, as like as not,
May be a Johnny on the spot,
But in a fit
Is like to quit
And let the business go to pot.

—Buffalo Express.

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."—Harper's Magazine.

The clove it is a startling thing,
Exciting—nay!
It doesn't exactly scare you,
But it takes your breath away.

—Puck.

"What's the matter with him? Has he got rheumatism?"

"No; the girl he is engaged to wears a bobbie skirt, and he got that walk from trying to keep step with her."—Houston Post.

"These cookies, dear, are not at all
Like mother used to make.
Fact is," said he to stop a pout
That she was aiming at his pate,
"Poor mother couldn't bake."

—Boston Herald.

Johnny (in September)—Our family's goin' to have a turkey for Thanksgivin'.

Micky—Huh! How do you know so far ahead?

Johnny—Pa paid the first installment on it to-day.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

You'll be in clover as the rest
When the festive day is furled
If when you stand
In glory land
You don't regret this great old world.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Little Willie was defeated by his teacher in the act of stealing from one of his playmates. Instead of inflicting punishment she concluded to try a moral lecture. "Bear in mind, Willie, that these temptations can be resisted if you turn a deaf ear to them."

Willie's lips trembled as he replied, "But, teacher, I ain't got a deaf ear."—Metropolitan Magazine.

At table we say the good old grace
But feel as we think what the grub cost
A whole lot more like cussin'.

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"What are you charged with?"

"Keeping a pig inside the city limits."

"But that's not a prison offense—you might have paid a fine and got off."

"That's what I thought. But they proved that it wasn't my pig."—Ohio Farmer.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand
One's the medicine, mother is the hand!

—Life.

"That man just vegetates, doesn't he?"

"Naturally, since he's nothing but a beat."—New York Journal.

A suffragette way down in Gloucester
Married a fellow named Worcester.
Two years later she died,
And he said as he sied,
"Well, anyway I never bouncester."

—Chicago News.

"My hair isn't as thick as it used to be," laughed the humorous patron, "and I don't guess you can do much with it."

"Oh, the quantity doesn't worry me," assured the new barber. "I used to be an amateur actor."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, I'm used to small parts. Next!"—Emporia Gazette.

I've always found if I take care,
Whate'er the occasion be,
The instances are very rare
When care
Takes
Me!

—New York Times.

Geraldine—You haven't been to see me since you asked my father for my hand.

Gerald—No. This is the first time I've been able to get about.—Human Life.

The melodrama, as of yore,
Resumes in fall, you know,
And virtue reigns supreme once more
At fifty cents a throw.

—Pittsburg Post.

One of the visiting clergymen at the Methodist ministers' conference the other day was telling the ministers of his experience at an old fashioned camp meeting.

"In one respect it was like paradise," he said. "There were so many persons there I didn't expect to see, and so many that I thought would be there were in some other place."—Philadelphia Times.

If your sorrows you're anxious to double
And still in the shadows would stay,
If you come from the country of trouble,
Get out of prosperity's way!

—Atlanta Constitution.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Detective E. W. Jones had business in Bradford on Saturday.

Will O'Reilly is the guest of Pittsburgh relatives and friends.

J. B. Eastman was a business visitor in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mrs. E. R. Amster and daughter, Mary visited Bradford on Saturday.

Miss Alice Stull of Portville, N. Y., was the guest of friends in town this week.

B. G. McFall of the Eldred Eagle was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Neil Gleason and Scott and Paul Connolly were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Butler of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town Thursday afternoon.

Miss Rachel Mayo and Miss Leona Hogarth were Bradford visitors on Saturday.

Robert Daly, Elmer Quirk and Alfred Sturdivient visited Bradford last Saturday.

Hon. J. W. Houton and son, Edwin, were in Bradford Saturday on a business mission.

Miss Edna Freeman, who is teaching school at Kushequa, spent Sunday with her parents.

A. E. Holcomb of Ceres was doing jury duty here this week and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. Anson Barnick returned home last Thursday from Buffalo where she had been to visit her sister, Mrs. F. A. Mason.

Mildred G. Dunmer of Crosby who has been visiting friends in Buffalo and Ontario, Can., is a guest at the Wright House.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister and daughter, Hazel, and Chas A. Anderson of Colegrove were in town for the banquet Tuesday evening.

County Superintendent and Mrs. B. S. Bayle were called to Akron, O., on Saturday by the illness of their brother-in-law. Mr. Bayle returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Winsloy, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Birmingham, were among those from Norwich who attended the Masonic dinner and dance Tuesday evening.

A nice line of Toys and Holiday Goods at Holder's, and at right prices. Can't afford a big ad, am selling too cheap. Yours to please.

Dec15-1t J. A. HOLDER.

THE ELECTION EXPENSES.

Interesting Figures as to the Cost of the Recent Campaign.

Hon. R. W. Hilton, one of the successful candidates for the Assembly, was a helpful man during the recent campaign. He loaned to Assemblyman-elect Edward R. Benson $200 and donated to the same candidate $100 to assist the young man to get on the vote.

F. P. Isherwood, treasurer of the Keystone party, spent $109.17 for the good of the cause. Mr. Isherwood as treasurer of the Democratic County committee, expended $1,200.65.

Chairman R. P. Hallowell accounts for an expenditure by the Republican County committee of $2,180.77.

Hon. Charles E. Patton, Republican candidate for Congress, expended in the district $3,292.33 to secure his election.

Samuel E. Bell, Republican candidate for member of Assembly, expended $1,125.98.

H. H. Redfield, Republican, for member of Assembly, spent $785.88.

Edward R. Benson, successful Democratic candidate for Assembly, spent $1,088.57.

Hon. Robert W. Hilton, successful candidate for member of assembly on the Democratic, Keystone and Prohibition tickets, spent $1,192.97.

MRS. DEAN INDICTED.

Olean Woman is Accused of Murder in the First Degree.

Mrs. Margaret Dean of Olean was indicted for murder in the first degree by the grand jury at Little Valley on Thursday of last week. The indictment contains four counts. The first count charges murder with a deliberate and premeditated design to effect death and with a hammer. The second count charges the crime with some instrument to the grand jury unknown; the third count charges the crime as having been committed with "malice aforethought." The fourth count charges the crime with "malice aforethought" and with a hammer.

Mrs. Dean will have to stand trial for the murder of her sister, Mary O'Connor, at the latter's home in Olean in October.

This is the first time since 1885 that a woman stands at the bar of justice in Cattaraugus county charged with the crime of murder in the first degree.

Business Property for Sale.

Block 60x100, located heart business center, Jamestown, N. Y., paying at present time over 10 per cent. investment, well rented to high grade tenants on favorable leases, which can be largely increased at expiration. Porperty rapidly increasing in value. Price $60000.00, one-half cash, balance 6 per cent. mortgage. Jamestown is most prosperous industrial city in Western New York. Write to WM. J. GILBERDS, Jamestown, N. Y.

Dec.1-6t

THE THEORY OF THE COLOR OF STARS.

(Copyright, 1910, by Elmer E. Heath.)

There have been so many books and articles written about the heavens that it might seem to an unobserver that the subject had been practically solved or exhausted; but the fine points are as yet in their infancy.

The stars, like our sun, having their system of planets, comets, etc., revolving around them, with their different colored suns attracting and repelling them, and taking the same part in space that our planets and comets do in the solar system, every force working in complete harmony. Why should these stars have different shades and colors? The different colors have been accounted for in different ways, but not satisfactorily to the writer.

As the color depends on the number of vibrations transmitted to the retina, and the eye is limited to a certain number of vibrations, why are these millions of suns presenting all the different shades and colors of the flowers and foliage of the summer time. However, reasonably thinking, it must present to us that some physical or other change is taking place in them, and that a permanent colored star. It is reasonable to me that they are not traveling at any great rate of speed when they are practically traveling to and from us; and that a star changing in color, although taking years to make such a change, appears to me that they are mighty suns traveling at an incomprehensible speed. A star, traveling a few miles a second, to and from us, would practically make no change in color.

Tycho Brahe, in Settle's Astronomy, tells us in one instance, of a temporary star, although there are others recorded, that in 1572 there was a star appeared in Cassiopia, first white, then yellow, then red.

And I note that within two years it made these three changes in color, then disappeared, and he records of never seeing it again. My opinion is that this star was a body of great speed, and my solution is this: that when this star was approaching us, there was no light, the vibrations being so rapid that they were above the violet and above our sense of vision, and as it commenced to round its circle, coming toward a right angle with the eye, it first appeared white, then yellow, then red. This white I do not understand; the star was surely descending the scale of light, but as it was on its journey, going away from us, the vibrations became below the red, and going so fast, it was invisible to the eye; and I have no doubt that it passed through all the shades of its spectrum and this great sun is a star traveling, we will say, at the speed of light, although the spectroscope indicates any such speed to fix or its cosmic bodies. While this theory may be looked at as wrong by many, and partly disapproved, yet I think the phenomena is a leader to the true color of the stars. I do not think this star could make these changes of color, appearing and disappearing, with out it was traveling at such speed and rounding a circle as I have described it, and its normal color would be when at that part of its orbit it is traveling at practically right angles with the eye. Astronomical records tell us that the color of the stars change.

(The theory has been advanced in Steele's Astronomy that the color indicates intensity of heat of the stars.)

I agree with that, if the star is not traveling at any great speed. This would be practically its natural color according to its normal heat, but not in regard to its motion. This is surely one of Nature's masterpieces of art, and has caused no little thought among scientific men.

For instance, Sirius was anciently red, it is now white. If Sirius were in its most distant part of its orbit, then rounding its circle and coming this way, it would change from red to violet—the opposite of coming toward us, then going away. This white I do not understand; but the color was surely descending the scale of light. I think that if light or sound were to travel to or from us fast enough, there would be no light or sound. Man's ear and eye are limited to a certain number of vibrations. Prof. Leland, in World Making, says: "Below 396 trillions and above 765 trillions undulations the eye can discern no light." Now, in a vacum or in space there is no limit to the speed of a heavenly body—no friction, and they are subject to the two divine laws—attraction and repulsion; and no doubt the orbits of the stars and our sun describe an ellipse, as I think the solar system itself is enough proof. It seems strange, but man builds a race track in the shape of an ellipse; he would not build it round, and that seems to be a divine law. It is not impossible for stars to have orbits that take hundreds of years to complete, and traveling hundreds of miles a second. There is plenty of room to do this, and not interfere with any other system. Our sun may be one of these heavenly bodies, although the spectroscope does not record any such velocities of any star; and our position is practically stationary and we may never know; but science is a patient observer, and our sun may be going through this change of color to an observer from some stellar position.

There is no speed limit in space; light travels over 180,000 miles a second. Alpha in Centura is the nearest star, and we see it where it was about four and one-half years ago; and Vega where it was about fifteen years ago; Sirius still farther away, and I believe they are considered about the nearest stars.

("Arcturus' light reaches us in twenty-five years. It travels through space at the rate of 200,000 miles an hour; yet through all our lifetime we shall never be able to detect any change in position, and it requires three centuries for it to move over a space in the heavens equal to the moon's apparent diameter."—Steele's Astronomy.)

Then, what of stars that take hundreds of years for their light to span the gulf and reach us, and yet the placing of such magnitudes and distances before us there is no impossibilities with God who made such to be. A star can change from red to orange, or any other color, then back again; or any of the colors, or else in my mind the present theory of light is shattered.

This is the summing up of a great many years of study, and if the accepted theory of light is correct, which I believe to be so, why not this theory. I am anxious to hear the different arguments.

ELMER E. HEATH.

I am not making a big noise, but I am still sawing wood. Come in and see. Everything now.

Dec15-1t J. A. HOLDER.

CINNAMON TREE BARK.

It Curls Up Into Quills When Dried in the Sun.

The cinnamon tree grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet and is sometimes eighteen inches in thickness. The leaves are from four to six inches in length, oval shaped and marked with three principal nerves. They taste very much like cloves. Cinnamon flowers are of a beautiful silky gray on the outside and a light yellow on the inside. The fruit is a small acorn shaped drupe, and when ripe it is quite brown.

It is, however, the bark of the cinnamon tree that makes it valuable. The finest comes from the island of Ceylon, where they have two seasons of cinnamon harvest. The first season begins in April and the last in November. The branches of three to five years' growth are cut down, and the epidermis is carefully scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up lengthwise with a knife and gradually loosened until it may be easily removed.

The slices of bark are then placed in the sun to dry, and as they dry they curl up into quills. The next thing is to examine and arrange the cinnamon according to its quality. The persons whose work it is to examine the cinnamon are called for this purpose to taste and chew it, although in a short time it produces a very painful effect on their mouths and tongues.

As the cinnamon quills are examined the smaller ones are inserted into the larger, and the whole is then tied up in bundles weighing about eighty-eight pounds each.

In Ceylon the oil of cinnamon is usually prepared by mingling the coarsest pieces of bark, soaking this powder in sea water for two or three days and then distilling. Two oils pass over, one lighter, the other heavier, than water.

A LESSON FOR HIS WIFE.

The Husband Found That He, Too, Had Something to Learn.

All Paris is laughing at an adventure on the French frontier line which occurred the other day to a young dramatic author well known in Paris.

He is newly married, and part of the honeymoon was spent in Belgium. While there the bride was very anxious to buy lace, which is much cheaper in Belgium than it is in France. But the bridegroom objected to smuggling the lace through and told his wife at Feignies the customs examination was very severe. She laughed at him, and in the train she said, "I am quite sure that I could easily have smuggled any amount of lace under my dress."

To prove himself right and teach his wife caution for the future the bridegroom whispered to one of the custom house officers at Feignies and, pointing to his wife, who was not looking, said, "I think that lady has some lace."

The officer made a sign, and madame, protesting angrily, was taken off and searched, while the author smoked a cigarette and chuckled at the thought that the search—although he thought she had no lace—would cure her of the wish to smuggle in the future. He ceased chuckling, though, when the custom house officer came up to him and said:

"We are very much obliged to you. The lady had $200 worth of lace around her waist. But she says you will pay the fine."—Cor. Wichita Eagle.

The Ballot in Switzerland.

Swiss voters go to the polls on Sunday. In some districts the elections are also held for a few hours on Saturday evening. In a few of the cantons voting is obligatory, and returns of from 70 to 80 per cent of the voting population are the result. The obligatory measure is, however, not rigorously enforced. Small fines are imposed unless an adequate excuse for nonattendance is forthcoming. These include illness in the family, mourning, absence from the city, a birth in the family and, in St. Gallen, necessary attendance at a christening by a parent or godparent. "Official business" is also usually accepted.

Mixed Motives.

"Few motives in this world can be pure. That is our great trouble," said a lecturer. "A clerk wept bitterly on the bench one stormy day while out on a boiling sea tossed a cockleshell of a fishing boat wherein sat his employer. As the clerk watched with wild eyes the little boat, now buried under white foam, now shooting forward gallantly, now buried again, he clasped his hands and cried in great anguish, 'If that boat sinks I'll lose my job.'"

Tibetan "Demonolatry."

The religion of the Tibetans is literally saturated with demonolatry, and their festivals take the form of ceremonies intended to propitiate various evil spirits and demons. Their devil dances—in which each performer represents some particular malignant spirit—are extremely curious.—Wide World Magazine.

Logical Inference.

"Hello, Grimes! Neighbor of yours got a new dog, eh?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Saw that boy Bobbie of yours going home with an old tin can and a string."—Browning's Magazine.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call.

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

Courtaut the Wolf.

Paris has forgotten the time when it used to go in terror of the wolves which carried off women and children from the streets and even raided the graveyards. At one time they became so mad with desire for human flesh that in a single week they devoured fourteen persons, all between Montmartry and the gate of St. Antoine. On the vigil of St. Martin (says Grace James in "Joan of Arc") there was hunted and taken a horrible wolf, "which it was said had done more, and more cruelly, than many others put together. That day he was killed. He had a tail, and from this he was called Courtaut. There was as much fuss about it as if he had been a prince of the woods or a crack captain, and when he lived folk said to one another as they went forth to labor in the fields, 'Look out for Courtaut.' And on this day, he was taken, through Paris in a cart, dead, with his great jaws open, and all the people went to see, and they made holiday and rejoiced, because Courtaut could trouble them no more."

Rented Wedding Cakes.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said. It looked all right, and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in this world would rent a cake?" some one asked.

"Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it; they rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about $3 a wedding."—New York Press.

Sarcastic Cabby.

A certain nobleman, who may be called Lord X., bears the reputation of being somewhat stingy in money matters. On a wet afternoon he hired a cab to take him to Victoria station. Arrived at the station, he handed the cabman a shilling and of course was met by the inevitable demand for an extra sixpence.

"Certainly not," said the other promptly. "You came the longest way as an excuse to extort money. Why didn't you go through St. James' park?"

The cabman saw he had no chance and said sneeringly:

"Cos St. James' park is closed. That's why."

"Nonsense," said the other sternly.

"It's right, though," was the grave reply. "They say that Lord X. dropped a shilling coming across the park last evening, and the gates are closed until they find it."—London Tit-Bits.

Shut Her Up.

A young wife was continuously pestered by her mother-in-law about the way she was bringing up her firstborn babe. The young wife was intelligent and capable, and she was really doing very well with the baby. From her mother-in-law, however, she got nothing but sour advice, warnings and veiled abuse. One day the mother-in-law, looking fixedly at the mother with her baby on her lap, said angrily:

"A woman has no right to have a child if she doesn't know how to hold it."

"No, nor a tongue either," was the quiet reply.—Detroit Free Press.

Berlin.

"Berlo," from which Berlin has caught her name, means uncultivated land. Slavonian Wends, the earliest settlers on the sandy plain, could make but little out of the soil. The population in 1832 was only 220,000. Less than forty years after it was 862,000, and now it runs into millions. The man who gave it its present form was Frederick II., but Frederick the Great and the Great Elector started the noble lord of the soil from the wonderful city.

The Mantle of Charity.

The lady was telling some remarks about the kind of clothes some of the ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it is about the only dress, judging by the fuss they make over it, that some husbands want their wives to wear."

Sweden's "Church Boat."

The "church boat" is a popular institution in Sweden. It brings families to service from the farms around Lake Siljan to Leksand. The water route is the nearest and most convenient, and so the big boat sets from farm to farm along the shore picking up the churchgoers, who later return by the same route.—Wide World Magazine.

Counting the Cost.

"What's the use of a marriage license?" asked a youth whose fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of connubial felicity.

"Well," answered his friend, "shinhugs down and your entire salary each week for the rest of your life!"—London Telegraph.

JANUARY PRICES NOW

Just thirty days ahead of the other Fellow. We are going to make this month of December the biggest month in our History. That is we are going to sell more Clothing.

All Men's and Young Men's Suits at less than 25 per cent. discount during this month.

This will be a strictly Cash Sale. No goods sent on approval. We will make necessary alterations.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

NO SMOKE, NO ODOR

The quality of Lamp Oil you use counts immensely for or against your comfort and health. There's a *perfect* oil made for people who give *thought*. It is

Family Favorite Oil

triple-refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best ever made. Full, white flame—never flickers—no soot—no odor. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils—saves money as well as eyes and comfort. Your dealer has it in original barrels direct from the refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.—Independent Refiners—Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Special Waverly Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolene

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

of comfort for tired feet may come true if a pair of easy-on-the-feet shoes be picked out for children, other relatives or friends, from among the many styles, shapes and sizes of late patterned footwear we have gathered together for the good people of Smethport. They are so priced by us as to make purse comfort, too. Have a "look in" first day you're near—don't wait until the last minute.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
Smethport, Penna.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Silverlocken Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. HOUTON,
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Block PRETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Old Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa
Office connected with long distance telephone
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.,
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bemisderfer,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 32 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second door, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All the latest dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges reasonable, satisfaction guaranteed.
Office in Barnett's Block, Smethport, Pa.
OFFICE HOURS { 8:30 to 12 m. / 1:30 to 5

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist.
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 m. / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
(Main Street, Smethport, Pa.)
DOUGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. J. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

HOLIDAY PERFUMES

Candy, Stationery, Leather Goods, Toilet Articles at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

CHARLEY WAH
HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Work Finished on Third Day
Under Heath's Barber Shop